

# The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY



JUNE, 1926

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Vol. VIII, No. 6

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# \$39,615,851

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205,333

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\$39,615,851.00

PREMIUM INCOME  
\$2,021,366.80

DEATH CLAIMS PAID  
\$263,778.16

HEALTH AND DISABILITY  
CLAIMS PAID  
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TOTAL PROTECTIVE  
BENEFITS PAID  
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112

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# The Messenger

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Stories of from 2,000 to 4,000 words are most desired.

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# THE ABOLITION OF THE U. S. RAILROAD LABOR BOARD

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

The recent passage of the Watson-Parker Bill, known as the Railway Labor Act, when signed by the President, will effect the abolition of the U. S. Railroad Labor Board. The new Act is a substitute for Title III, Transportation Act of 1920, providing for the prompt settlement of all disputes between employers and employees of common carriers.

Since Pullman porters are employees of a common carrier, the Pullman Company, they are necessarily interested in the enactment of all legislation affecting the owners or employees of common carriers. A word about its origin.

The history of the relation of the employers and employees of the railroads will show that there has been widespread dissatisfaction with the decisions of the U. S. Railroad Labor Board. Both employers and employees have been seeking a more satisfactory medium for the settlement of disputes on wages and working conditions. When the Transportation Act was first enacted it met with the relentless opposition of the railway employees, that is, the big transportation unions, such as the Big Four.

As an evidence of the opposition of the strongly organized railway employees, the Howell-Barkley bill, providing for the settlement of disputes arising between the employers and employees, was drafted by the representatives of the employees and presented to Congress only a year ago. This bill was opposed by the railway employers.

Obviously industrial peace on the railroads was contingent upon the development of a plan for the settlement of disputes by the representatives of the employers and employees, in conference. Thus, as a result of a series of conferences between the Association of Railway Executives, representing the carriers, and the organizations representing the employees, the present Railway Labor Act was born. In the House, the bill was presented by Representative Parker, Chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House; in the Senate, by Senator Watson, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate. It was, from the discussion, the Act fully approved by employers and employees alike on the railroads, which was ably represented by counsellors Thom and Richberg, respectively. This attitude of mutual tolerance is entirely new, for practically all previous railway legislation, sponsored by either the employers or employees such as the Erdman Act, The Adamson Law, etc., failed to receive the united support of both sides. Practically, as important as the principles set forth in the Bill is the method of its development and adoption, a method of mutual, tolerant discussion, both parties to the agreement recognizing that each party has rights which the other is bound to respect. At least, this method has the promise of industrial peace, providing, of course, that it is observed in good faith. Besides, public opinion will frown upon either party which proves faithless and recreant to his duty and pledged word.

A word now about the structure of the machinery which will be set up under the Act, its plan for functioning and the procedure of the workers and employers in dealing with it. Under the Railway Labor Act, employers and employees may seek settlement of their disputes in common conference. Filing through this method to reach a satisfactory adjustment, provision is made for the reference of the said dispute to an Adjustment Board, which is composed of five representatives of the employers and five representatives of the employees. In the event the dispute persists, it may be referred by either or both parties to the Board of Mediation, which is composed of

five members, appointed by the President with the advice of the Senate. This Board, in practically the same manner as the Railroad Labor Board, receives and hears evidence and material pertaining to grievances on wages and working conditions, the interpretation of agreements and rules. Should its decisions fail to secure the approbation of the parties involved, the case is then assigned to an Arbitration Board, composed of three or six members; if three, one is chosen by the employer and the employees, respectively; which select a third; if six, two are selected by the employer and the employees respectively, which in turn, select two more. But if these several steps at adjudication of the grievance be inadequate, the court of final resort is an Emergency Board, which is set up by the President, should the dispute threaten to deprive any section of the country of essential transportation service.

In the main, the procedure of handling cases before these several bodies is not substantially different from that adopted under the rules of the U. S. Railroad Labor Board.

The two outstanding principles of the Railway Labor Act are: Arbitration and collective bargaining, the former was the essential demand of the employers; the latter of the employees. Again its decisions are enforceable in a court of law, which is in striking contrast with the United States Railroad Labor Board, which had no power to enforce its awards, although because of the force of public opinion, few awards were disobeyed.

Now how does this change affect the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters?

It does not substantially affect the fundamental programme of the Brotherhood. Organization now is just as essential to improve the working conditions and secure real wage increases for the workers on the railroads under this Act as it was under the U. S. Railroad Labor Board. In fact, no group of employees on the railroads can profit greatly from this legislation unless they are organized and functioning as a labor union.

Our economic survey is just as necessary, and the mobilization of public opinion just as imperative now in order to achieve victory. Nor does the new Act lessen the possibility of the Brotherhood securing its demands.

The Watson-Parker Bill is more elaborate in machinery, and perhaps, slightly more complicated. It will entail some expense on the unions in helping to maintain the Adjustment Boards. It is not a new device in handling labor disputes. The Adjustment Board was a part of the old system.

Of course, this bill is not all that labor could hope for. In its organization and adoption, many important concessions were made by labor. The same was no less true of the railway owners. In such agreements, compromises are always inevitable.

How will it function? This will depend upon the spirit of the parties to the agreement. The fact that the powerful transportation unions and the leading railroads framed and endorsed it would seem to indicate that they are willing to abide by the results of its operations. Only time can tell how beneficial it will be to the employees. This is true of all new measures. Should it prove to be unsatisfactory in meeting the needs of labor, it will be changed. But there is no good reason to doubt that it will serve the workers as effectively as, or more than the U. S. Railroad Labor Board did. The porters have nothing to lose by the chance, but everything to gain, if they are organized. The only sure guarantee, however, that the porters' interests will be protected, is the

(Continued on page 186)



## GRIST IN THE MILL

By WALLACE THURMAN

This is indeed an accidental cosmos, so much so, that even the most divine mechanism takes an occasional opportunity to slip a cog and intensify the reigning chaos. And to make matters more intriguing, more terrifying, there seems to be a universal accompaniment of mocking laughter, coming from the ethereal regions as well as from the more mundane spheres, to each mishap whether that mishap be experienced by a dislodged meteor, a moon-bound planet, a sun-shrunken comet, or a determined man. All of which serves to make this universe of ours a sometimes comic spectacle, serves to push all unexpected cosmic experience just over the deviating border line that divides the comic from the tragic, for there is always something delightfully humorous in an accident even if that accident be as earthly, as insignificant (cosmically speaking) and as fatal as was the accident of Colonel Charles Summers, the second, of Louisiana.

Colonel Charles Summers, the second, was a relic; an anachronistic relic from pre-civil war days, being one of those rare sons of a dyed-in-the-wool southern father who had retained all the traditional characteristics of his patrician papa. Even his aristocratic blood had escaped being diluted by poor white corpuscles making him indeed a phenomenal person among the decadent first families of the decadent south. Colonel Charles Summers, the second, was your true reborn Confederate, your true transplanted devotee of the doctrines of Jeff Davis, your true contemporary Colonel Charles Summers, the first, even to the petty affectation of an unearned military title, and a chronic case of pernicious anemia.

It was on one of those placid days when a wary human is always expecting the gods to play a scurvy trick upon him, one of those days when smiling nature might be expected to smirk at any moment, one of those days when all seems to be too well with the world that the first act of Colonel Summers' accident occurred. He should have sensed that all was not to be well with him on that day, for long, lonely, isolated years of living with and nursing a dead ideal, had made him peculiarly attune to the ever variant vibrations of his environment. He had little companionship, for there were few kindred souls in the near vicinity. His wife, to him, was practically non-existent, being considered a once useful commodity now useless. He had no children, had not wanted any, for fear that they would become too seared with the customs and mannerisms of the moment to complacently follow in his footsteps. He could not abide the poor white or mongrel aristocrats who were his neighbors. He shrank from contact with the modern world, and preserved his feudal kingdom religiously, passionately, safeguarding it from the unsympathetic outside. Hence he communed with himself and with nature, and became intensely aware of his own mental and psychical reactions and premonitions, so aware, in fact, that he privately boasted that no accident could befall him without his first receiving a sensory warning; but, of course, he forgot to be aware at the proper time, even though the day was rampant with danger signals.

Mrs. Summers was an unemotional ninny, being one of those backwoods belles whom the fates failed to attend properly at birth. Her only basis of recognition in this world at all was that she was a direct descendant of an old southern family. She was one of those irritating persons who never think about a thing nor yet feel about it. Rather she met all phenomena dispassionately, practically, and seemed to be more mechanical than most other humans. When an interne from the hospital brought her the news that only a blood transfusion would save her husband's life, she accepted that without the slightest suggestion of having received a shock; and she had accepted the news of his sunstroke, induced by walking beneath a torrid, noonday Louisiana sun, and which had resulted in

an acute aggravation of his chronic illness in the same "well, that's no news" manner.

"Blood transfusion," she stated rather than queried, "well, why not?"

"We thought, madame," the interne was polite, "that you might be able to suggest!"

She gave a little shrug, the nearest approach to the expression of an emotion that she ever allowed herself. "I am no physician," and the door was closed deliberately, yet normally.

The hospital staff was thus placed in an embarrassing dilemma, for there was no professional blood donor available, and no volunteers forthcoming either from the village center or the outlying plantations. One must suffer from not having friends as well as suffer from having them—so the Colonel's life line continued to fray, his wife made perfunctory visits, and continued to appear disinterested, while the hospital staff pondered and felt criminal, not too criminal, you know, for they remembered that the Colonel had most insultingly refrained from ever donating to their building or upkeep fund, yet they could not let him die while there was a possible chance of saving him, so being both human and humanitarian they played a joke on the doughty old Colonel and at the same time saved his life.

\* \* \*

Zacharia Davis had a suppressed desire, and the suppression of that desire was necessarily more potent than the desire itself, for Zacharia wished to make a happy hegira to the northland, and being in the south decided that it was best to keep this desire under cover until such time came that he would have what he called the "necessary mazuma."

Zacharia had been born and schooled in Illinois, and had been perfectly willing to remain there until a certain war-time conscription measure had made Mexico seem more desirable. Once in Mexico he had remained until the ink of the Armistice signatures had been dry five years, and then he had recrossed the border into the cattle lands of western Texas. There he had parked, and attempted to amass sufficient coin to enable him to return to and dazzle Chicago's south side black belt, but an untimely discovery of a pair of loaded dice on his person during an exciting crap game had made it necessary for him to journey by night, and by freight to the cane-brake country of Southern Louisiana.

Here he had occupied himself by doing odd jobs about the various plantations and village shops, and by gambling down by the river bottom at night with the rice field and cane-brake laborers. He avoided trouble either with his fellow black men who were somewhat suspicious of his smooth talking "furriner," and with that white portion of his environment that demanded his quiescent respect. Consciously he adopted a protective cloak of meekness, and at first glance could not be distinguished from the native southern blacks; in fact, only a keen analyst could have discerned that Zacharia was continually laughing at all those about him, both white and black, and that he, unlike the southern native Negro suffered little, even unconsciously, and laughed much. Then, too, Zacharia washed the hospital windows every Saturday morning, and was thus drawn into the little comedy in which Colonel Summers was to play the star role.

Meanwhile there were other factors working to deter Zacharia from ever realizing the fruition of his desire. The sheriff of the parish had finally decided to clamp down on the river bottom gambling activities where there had lately been a siege of serious cuttings and fatal shootings. Of course, normally it did not matter if all the "coons" insisted upon killing one another, but it did matter when northern migration was at its highest peak, and

labor was both scarce and valuable to the plantation owners and it was at the instigation of these persons that the sheriff was moved to act. He planned his raid secretly and carefully, seeking the aid of the local K. K. K., and the more adventurous villagers. They had no intention of using firearms or of jailing any of the game participants. Neither did they have any intention of stopping the games completely. They merely hoped to lessen the attendance, and to inspire caution in those who would attend about the advisability of carrying firearms and knives.

Of course, it was in line with Zacharia's general luck that he should be in the midst of a winning streak on the night when the eager vigilantes swooped down upon the river bottom rendezvous like revengeful phantoms in the moonlight, and proceeded to do their chosen duty. And, of course, it was in line with Zacharia's general procedure to forego immediate flight in order to gather up forsaken cash piles.

There was much confusion there in the damp darkness. The fiery, white demons reveled in the raucous riot they had created, while the scuttling blacks cursed and cried out against the lash sting and the club beat. The rendezvous was surrounded, there was only one means of escape, the river, and the cornered ones shrank back from its cold, slimy, swift currents. Hysteria descended upon the more terrified. Knives were drawn, and temporarily reflected the gleaming moonlight as they were hurled recklessly into the mad white-black crowd. Periodic pistol shots punctuated the hoarse shouts of the conquerors and the pained moans of the vanquished. Torchlight flares carried by the invaders gave the scene the color and passion of a Walpurgis night. Marsh grass was trampled, its dew turned red by dripping blood. And the river—the muddy river—became riotous with struggling men, and chuckled to itself as an occasional body was unable to withstand the current, or unable to reach the other shore.

There was much more confusion there in the damp darkness. Bleeding heads emitted mournful groans, emitted fresh blood streams, more groans, more blood, and then grew still, grew horribly inanimate. Wounded bodies squirmed and moaned. The flares were all extinguished. The river was once more quietly rippling undisturbed by super-imposed freight. The round-up had commenced, the injured whites were being carefully carried into the village hospital, while the wounded blacks were being dragged to jail. Thus the night wore on, and seemed a little weary of having witnessed such a carnal spectacle, such elemental chaos.

Among those hapless blacks who regained consciousness in the crowded jail was Zacharia, who was nonchalantly nursing a cracked head, and a sock full of coin. Being in jail was no novelty, nor was having a cracked head an entirely new experience, but the sock of money, the sock that contained his pecuniary emancipation, the sock that contained the "necessary mazuma," ah, that was new, saliently new, and comforting.

The town was in an uproar. A deputy sheriff had died from a knife wound inflicted by some infuriated black during the conflict. No one had expected any of the invaders to come back wounded. No one had considered that the cornered colored man might stand at bay like a wild, jungle animal, and fight back. Everyone had considered the whole episode as an unusual chance to sock a few niggers upon the head, and to flay a few black hides with a long unused lash, but instead most of the blacks had fought their way to freedom, only a mere handful of the more seriously wounded were in custody, and they were being claimed by their plantation employers. Moreover, the hospital was overcrowded with wounded whites, and now, this death, this death of a white man at the hands of a nigger. Of course, some one had to pay. The plantation owners were not willing to part with any of their hired help, considering the cultivation of the rice and sugar cane crop of more importance now than the punishment of some unknown assailant. Oh, yes, catch some one and punish him, but don't take this

nigger of mine, who is one of my best workmen, seemed to be the general attitude.

No one came to claim Zacharia, and he remained in his cell, awaiting to be released, and amusing himself meanwhile by trying to compute in his mind just how much money his beloved sock, so carefully hidden away, contained. No one came to claim him and finally he was accused of having murdered the deputy sheriff.

The trial was conducted rather leisurely. There was no hurry to cash in on the mob's vengeance. Their call for blood had been satiated by that river bottom battle. It was enough that they had a victim in custody whom they could torture at will, and whom they could put to death legally. Thus Zacharia found himself a participant in a mock trial, found himself being legally railroaded to the gallows, found himself being kept away from freedom—from Chicago—when he had the cash, the long desired cash. He was too amazed at first to realize just how completely he had been enveloped by a decidedly hostile environment. Realization came slowly, and noticeably. His bronze colored face grew wan and sickly. His beady eyes became more and more screwed up until it seemed as if they would completely retreat into the protective folds of their wrinkled sockets. Even the firm lower lip, his one sign of forceful character, drooped, and mutely asked for pity.

He was found guilty, and made ready to take his journey to the state penitentiary where he would be held until the date set for his hanging. The date of his departure drew near, and Zacharia became pitifully panic stricken. The four walls of his lousy cell seemed to be gyrating mirrors sordidly reflecting his certain doom. The bars running diagonally across the cell door and standing upright in the cell window all seemed to assume the personality of ballet dancers attired in hemp, and forming twirling circular figures, lunging at him with menacing loops. Everything choked him, his food—the air—even thought. Incipient nausea tortured him. And then one thought flashed across his mind, lingered there, shimmering with the glorified heat of potential hope. A spasm of grotesque smiles distorted the uneven, thick features, and the quivering lips called to the guards, and begged them to send for Colonel Summers.

Had Zacharia asked for anyone else besides Colonel Summers his request would have been either roughly refused, or rudely ignored, but to have a condemned "nigger" ask for old stuck up Colonel Summers, well, well, well, what a chance for some fun at the Colonel's expense. The question was would the Colonel come. In all probability he wouldn't. Since he had recovered from that last illness of his he had drawn more and more into himself. His wife had imported a sister for company, but the Colonel continued to tramp about his plantation, continued to commune with himself.

It was sheer accident that Colonel Summers happened to be in town on the same day that Zacharia had asked to see him. His wife's sister had had an attack of indigestion. In fact it seemed to Colonel Summers that she was always having an attack of something. And she was always having prescriptions filled, always dispatching a servant to the drug store. Damned frump, the Colonel called her. Worrisome bitch, was what the black servants called her. However, on this day she had sent for medicine twice, and each time the little black boys had come back with the wrong brand, so impatient at both his sister-in-law, the stupid black boys, and the crafty druggist, the Colonel went into town himself.

Of course, once there the Colonel did the usual thing, idled, wandered aimlessly about the streets and enjoyed himself by cursing the activities of these ambitious, petty so, of course, poor trash. And in his wanderings he walked past the jail, was hailed, stopped to see what the insolent fellow wanted, gaped slightly when he heard, and without a word, or without an idea why he did so except that his pride would not let him appear to be placed at a disadvantage, strode into the jail, and asked to see Zacharia.

Fifteen minutes later the amused eavesdropping guards



and jail loiterers rushed into the cell passageway to see the Colonel striking through the bars with his cane, perspiring dreadfully, his face inordinately infused with blood, and to find Zacharia cowed against the further wall, his face a study in perplexity and pleading, his lips whimpering, "I didn't lie, I didn't lie, it was me, it was me," on and on in ceaseless reiteration.

The surprised and amused men plied the old Colonel with questions in a vain effort to find out what was wrong, but the old southern gentleman was incoherent with rage, and sick, both in body and in mind. He seemed on the verge of collapse and the more solicitous men in the group attempted to lead him into the warden's quarters where he could lie down. Someone even suggested a doctor, but all were overruled by Colonel Summers, who had meanwhile regained some of his strength and cried out, "The hospital, the hospital," and to the hospital the men carried him, not knowing that he did not wish to go there for treatment, or that he was seeking for verification—verification of what the doomed Zacharia had told him.

Twenty-four hours later he was taken home, babbling, unconscious, and pitiful. The hospital authorities had verified Zacharia's statement, and Colonel Summers now knew that it was the black man's blood that had saved his life.

\* \* \*

It commenced to rain about twilight time. Colonel Summers suddenly sat up in his bed, the most ambitious move that he had made in a week. He was alone in the room, alone with himself, and his fear, alone in the defeated twilight.

The rain drops increased in volume and velocity. Colonel Summers threw the covers back, struggled out of the bed, and staggered laboriously to the panel mirror set in his clothes closet door. Eagerly, insanely he peered into it, and what he saw there evidently pleased him, for the drawn features relaxed a trifle, and only the eyes, the weak, pitiful eyes, remained intensely animate as they peered and peered into the mirror. Then his strength gave out, and he sank with a groan to the floor.

The rain drops began to come down in torrents, urged on by a rising wind. Colonel Summers once more drew himself up with the aid of the door knob, and once more peered and peered into the mirror. By this time he had ripped his night shirt from him, and stood there naked, his wasted body perspiring from the effort. Soon his strength gave out again, and as he sank to the floor there was a peaceful half smile striving for expression on his pained and fear-racked face.

"Still white, still white," he muttered, and then more loudly, "still white, still white, still white," the voice became hoarse again, "still white, thank God, A'm still white."

Night came, greeted by the whistle of the frolicsome wind and the ceaseless chorus of the scampering rain drops. The bedroom became dark, and once more gaining consciousness the naked Colonel crawled across the carpeted floor to the nearest window. The darkness fright-

ened him, he was seeking for light, and since the interior offered none, he sought for it or a reflection of it through the window panes. But on the outside was also the black night plus the cackling rain drops, and the playful wind. He shrank back in abject terror only to be confronted with the same terrifying darkness behind him.

He looked out of the window once more. A flash of lightning provided the wanted light, but it brought no release, brought only additional terror, for the tree tops, glistening wet and swaying with the wind, assumed the shapes of savage men, rhythmically moving to the tune of a tom-tom, rhythmically tossing to the intermittent thud of the reverberating thunder.

"Darkies," he murmured, and tried to draw away from the window, "My God—darkies." Then the scene changed. His insane eyes set in a bearded skull conjured up strange figures when the lightning flashed. Each tree assumed a definite personality. That broken limb dangling from the tree just beyond the fence was Zacharia, and as it gyrated wildly in the mad night, it seemed to whisper to the wind, "He is my brother, my brother, my brother," while the wind broadcasted the whisper through the night. And then that tallest tree so close to the house was himself, a black reproduction of himself with savage sap surging through its veins. It too reveled in the wildness of the night; it too exulted in being pelted by the wind-driven rain drops and in responding to the rough rhythm of the thunder-gods tom-tom.

Someone lit a light in the hall, and laid their hand on the door knob preparatory to opening the door to the Colonel's room. Then someone else across the hall called, and the first person released their grip on the knob and treaded softly away.

The Colonel fell prostrate to the floor, and attempted to burrow his head deep into the thick protective nap of the carpet. He felt an inky blackness enveloping him, his whole form seemed to be seared with some indigo stain that burned and burned like an avid acid. Then his body began to revolt against this dusky intruder, began to writhe and wriggle upon the floor, began to twitch and turn, trying to rub itself clean, trying to shed this superimposed cloak, but the blackness could not be shed—it was sprouting from the inside, and being fertilized by the night.

Time passed. Voices were heard whispering in the hall. A door closed. More whispering. Outdoors all was jubilantly mad. In the bedroom the Colonel still lay upon the floor, panting, perspiring, exhausted from his insane efforts. His reason was now completely gone. His last ounce of life was being slowly nibbled away. The blackness became more intense, and then a black crow, stranded, befuddled by the storm, sought refuge upon the window ledge, and finding none there cawed out in distress, and to the dying maniac on the floor, it seemed to caw, "nigaw, nigaw, nigaw."

Someone opened the door, turned on the light, and screamed.

FINIS

### Query

My feet in the night  
My head in the day;  
How could I know  
My feet were but clay.

BRUCE NUGENT.

### Song

Lead me yet another day  
By the hand along the way.  
Ah, never end the strolling till  
The pathway meets the hill.

Never rush an early light,  
Never urge away the night.  
Seldom wake the sleeping one,  
Till the dream is done.

ARNA BONTEMPS.

### Confession

I called you human tumbleweed  
And chided you for sowing seed  
Of misanthropic malcontent;  
Yet I suspect my savage breast  
Would never nurture seeds of rest,  
Even if you sowed them there.

WALLACE THURMAN.

## A NEW LEADERSHIP

Nearly forty years ago Booker Washington loomed on the horizon at a time when the Negro was sadly in need of intelligent and practical leadership. He was proclaimed a modern Moses, and justly so; for he it was who, more than any other one man, not only showed the millions of ex-slaves the way to industrial freedom, but, thru education of brawn and brain, made it possible for thousands to demonstrate the soundness of his doctrine.

By the exercise of his vision, foresight and practicality, he was able to lead the Negro out of the throes of the aftermath of bondage into the light of a new freedom. It was due to his efforts that the Negro was convinced of the necessity of not only tilling the soil, but the ownership thereof as a foundation upon which to rear a future progress that today stands unparalleled in the history of mankind. It was his far-seeing genius, I claim, who made it possible for the Negro to climb the ladder of industrial and agricultural progress step by step, rung by rung, so that when a few years since, the doors were thrown open to skilled as well as unskilled workers, he was standing at the threshold prepared to cross and successfully cope with the situation.

This he did, and did so efficiently, that white America has awakened to the fact that he now is, and is destined to become more so, the backbone of industrial America. His efforts have seemed chaotic because of the lack of the proper co-ordination of his own powers, and co-operation of the white workers.

This lack of cooperation is not due so much to texture of skin as to the stigma of being branded as strike breakers. Capital has used the Negro worker as a buttress between itself and organized labor; and what is more natural than that organized labor should resent and look askance upon the instrument employed to thwart the upward trend of their economic progress?

I attribute this attitude to the lack of economic leadership in the race. Political and religious hypocrisy on the part of both black and white leaders has kept the Negro in almost complete ignorance of his economic possibilities. But recently he has begun to emerge from the stifling influence of those who would keep him in economic slavery.

It seems that in the great primordial plan nature decreed that there should be a man, courageous, capable, ready and willing to lead in every age, every race, and in every crisis in the existence of that race.

And so today there has loomed on the horizon, as Washington did in his day, another Moses. One whose towering intellect, overwhelming personality, force of character, simple faith in the future of his people, coupled with the courage to stand upon principle, and the ability to reduce his dreams and ideals to a practical solution of the problem, has already aroused, not only the Negro, but the whole world to the fact that he must hold fast to the advantage gained as individual workers, and take firm steps thru organization to protect that advantage and so co-ordinate his forces that his economic interests will be forever assured of ample protection.

That man is none other than A. Philip Randolph, scholar, orator, economist, labor leader and general organizer of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. And,

make no mistake, it is this organization that must serve as the cornerstone of the economic future of the Negro race. This organization is destined to stand for all time as a monument to the organizing genius of A. Philip Randolph, even to a greater extent than Tuskegee stands to the undisputed genius of Booker Washington.

The Negro must be inoculated with a new and genuine appreciation of the importance of their economic emancipation thru the development of their industrial opportunities.

Either he must give up the ideal of anything approximating equal opportunities in the field of labor, or quickly realize the necessity of organized efforts on his part. He shall have to do his own thinking and assume responsibility for the safe-guarding of his economic future, rather than trust his fate to the tender mercies of corrupt political and religious leaders. He cannot be guided by the past in the adaptation of political machinery to his economic needs. He has been fed with political and religious nostrums by a self selected few for so long that it has almost become second nature to accept their second-hand leadership. They are weary of political and religious platitudes, and the time has come when they must right about face and begin the erection of a new race wide structure, founded upon honest, intelligent and efficient leadership.

Not alone the Negro, but humanity's soul is aroused; there is a drift upward, an urge forward toward the consummation of human brotherhood; and that consummation is manifestly impossible unless it is based on the service of the whole people.

In closing, I must remind you of this: The eyes of the whole world are upon the activities of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. The success (and it cannot fail) of this organization means that they shall henceforth be given consideration in proportion to their progress. But make no mistake about this; the degree of progress attained will depend largely upon the amount of effort, intelligence and self help employed as they go along.

The foundation upon which the Brotherhood is being constructed is as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. Its very existence is rooted in service. Service first of a superior quality among themselves as true brotherhood men; seeking and striving always to improve the moral, educational and economic condition of its membership and the race. Service to its employers as loyal, manly and contented workers. Service to the travelling public on a highly developed scientific basis; extending always the maximum of courtesy and consideration in the performance of its duties as individual members of the organization.

Despite all that has been done to prevent its consummation; all that has, and is being said to the contrary, The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is an established fact—a going concern, backed up by the requisite man power; possessed of honest, intelligent and efficient leadership that is destined to carry it to the heights and make its power a factor in the economic upbuilding of the race.

GEORGE A. PRICE,

Secretary-Treasurer, Chicago Division.

### Woodnote

Trees  
That stand the winter through  
And make no sound at all  
Do not suffer like the trees  
That ache with the laboring wind.  
Yet these  
Sway so listlessly

You would not think that they  
Could be so very sad . . .  
You might not think  
That hearts like ours  
Would beat so wearily.

ARNA BONTEMPS.





# The Letters of Davy Cairn

A true Story of Colored Vanity Fair



*All's well that ends well. An extract from Davy's private diary.*

Feb. 16-17 (Friday and Saturday).

I am too excited and elated to sleep, and nothing seems more reasonable than for me to put down a detailed statement of the events leading up to the happiest hour of my life. I sincerely doubt if I shall ever experience a happier one. Indeed, if I thought I might, I should be almost afraid to face it, for I honestly believe that I have been through moments since leaving the party shortly after one o'clock this morning when the slightest acceleration of my pulse-beat would have resulted fatally. No one can make me believe, henceforth, that a human being cannot die of joy. The shock caused by my sudden rebound from the misery and unhappiness of these latter days was terrific, and I still feel the strain.

It is now nearly five o'clock Saturday morning, and all the world, except the milkman, is asleep. After I left Caroline at her door an hour and a half ago, I lay down and tried to sleep, but I just could not make it, for my brain was whirling like a merry-go-round.

Yesterday, Friday, I believe I touched the lowest depths of misery possible for a human creature. Most of the day was spent putting the final touches on my boxes and trunk, returning books to the Library of Congress, buying my ticket for Richmond, and doing errands preparatory to my departure this morning. How I got through the afternoon I really don't know, for it all seems now like a horrible dream, or like something which happened to me in another world, or a thousand years ago. After a dinner at which I went through the mechanical processes of eating, I came home, and kept myself from going mad by finishing a letter to Bob, though I have not the slightest idea now what I said in that letter. While I was writing I could hear Caroline whistling and singing in her room. This is a practice in which she has indulged a great deal in the last two or three days, and for some reason, the exact nature of which is not clear to me even yet, this seemed to add a touch to my madness. Once I got up and shut my door. Then I got up again and opened it. As to a man with a toothache, one situation was about as uncomfortable as another.

While I was writing Tommie came up to say that she would be ready to go at ten o'clock. Tommie knew that I was unhappy about something, and she tried to pump me, even going so far as to sit on the arm of my chair and run her fingers through my hair, something the like of which she has never done before. I surely must look badly, I thought. When she had gone I took a peep in my shaving glass, and, sure enough, I looked like an extra edition of the morning after the night before. I finished, sealed and stamped Bob's letter, which I decided to mail last night, instead of this morning, as I had first planned. Then I smoked cigarettes until I felt dozy, and idly tried to recall the author of "The Last Day of A Condemned Man," a book I have not read. Finally, it came to me that it was Hugo, and I resolved at the earliest moment possible to get a copy, and see how accurately he had done the job. But Dr. King had invited us to go in his car, and Tommie insisted that we accept his invitation. So I picked up my wraps and went down to the back parlor where I found Dr. King. Even absorbed as I was with my own troubles, I was struck by his evident preoccupation, for he is usually very cordial toward me. But on this occasion he spoke rather absentmindedly, and sat looking into the fire, puffing slowly at a cigarette.

As the girls came down in a moment, I had no time to notice him further. Thomasine was beautiful, as she always is, for with her handsome face, perfect figure, and her exquisite taste in dress, the result is a foregone conclusion. But, Caroline—I have no words to describe her! I have seen her many times when her beauty was almost overpowering, but on this night of all nights in the world—whether or not it was due partly to my own overwrought nerves, I cannot say—the shock of her beauty was like a blow in the face. Her color was unusually high, even making all allowance for the rouge, her eyes were big and brilliant, and from her becoming coiffure to the soles of her little slippers she was perfect, in face, figure, coloring and dress. I have never in my life seen anything so lovely—never! And my lover's estimate is approved by the verdict of the other men at the party, as appeared later. As far as I was concerned, indeed, the impression she made on me was so overwhelming that, after that first glance, I would not look at her again. Dr. King jumped up when the ladies entered, and said something or other complimentary, but, as far as any outward expression was concerned, I might have been the proverbial "bump on a log." As I am usually ready enough with the small change of social conversation, the girls seemed to notice it, but I was in such a state of dejection that I did not care about anything. This last evidence of the exquisite beauty and consequent desirability of the one woman seemed to finish me.

With all her social experience, Tommie is not a bit good at pretending, especially when she is with her close friends. Dr. King seemed to be in a semi-comatose state, and Caroline's mood, though quite evidently not a normal one, was beyond my power of diagnosis. It was a silent party that climbed into Dr. King's car. One might have thought we were going to the funeral of a dear friend. Certainly no one would have guessed we were on our way to what promised to be the most elaborate party of the season. Dr. King had some trouble with his ignition, which delayed us a moment. Then we got under way, but stopped for a second at the corner while I mailed my letter to Bob. Caroline has a peculiar wit, which would assert itself, I verily believe, in the very face of death. We were proceeding more slowly than usual, because of a momentary obstruction to traffic, and in the midst of an unbroken silence when Caroline piped up. "Just when do they spring the trap?" she asked, in the driest voice imaginable.

Dr. King started and almost lost control of the car, and Tommie laughed. But for once my sense of humor had deserted me entirely. On the whole the sally fell rather flat, and we entered the hall as silently as we had left the house. While we were waiting at the door of the dressing room for the ladies, Dr. King again relapsed into his state of semi-coma, and, as I was not in a loquacious mood, we stood side by side, each thinking his own thoughts. Mine, I can testify, were not the best of company.

Our entrance into the dance hall, between two dances, was made with all the éclat which anyone could desire. The men flocked about the two girls, and Caroline was swallowed up, so to speak, in the crowd of her admirers. One young chap who is a newcomer, I believe, exclaimed to a couple of his friends, "That little Rhodes girl is the prettiest thing I've ever seen on two feet!" Don pushed his way out of the throng and came toward me.

"Hello, Davy," he said. "You asked me once if I thought Caroline Rhodes could be called beautiful. I

believe I hesitated somewhat over my answer. I was wrong to hesitate.

"I knew it at the time," I said, laughing. Then I realized my duty toward my twelve hostesses, and hastened to pay my respects as best I could between dances, for the formal receiving line had been broken. I danced with Tommie, Lillian Barton, Mary Hale, Billie Riddick, Sophie Burt, and should have had a delightful time if I had not been so miserable. The hall itself was beautiful. The floral decorations were lavish and in good taste, and from the center of the ceiling was a huge bird-cage containing birds of various colors. The favors of the ladies were unique—winged silver crowns, and altogether the affair was an unusually brilliant one. I regret now that my state of mind was such that much of the charm of this most auspicious occasion was lost on me. I heard Don say that it was one of the prettiest parties he had ever attended, and I am willing to take his judgment on it.

As Tommie predicted, even in that crowd of handsome women, Caroline was the acknowledged belle. Her every movement between dances was followed by a host of young men. As I was taking no more chances on being rebuffed, her popularity was the source of no inconvenience to me, but Dr. King seemed to be having his troubles. As on other occasions in recent weeks there were strong undercurrents moving below the surface of things. Lillian Barton, queenly in a gown of black velvet, was quiet, for her, and as I was winning no medals for airy persiflage, our first dance was rather tame—for us. Tommie, too, was very serious in her manner. Not content to let well enough alone, as I should by all means have done, I had to stir up things by a question.

"What is the matter, Tommie? Who's dead?" I queried, between a dance and its encore.

"You ought to know, Davy," she countered quickly, "you're acting like chief mourner."

And she looked at me searchingly with her brilliant black eyes.

Then an impish impulse possessed me to "start something."

"Tommie," said I, "this is almost our last dance together. I am going away tomorrow morning."

If my object was to "start something," I had surely achieved it. Tommie caught me by the lapel of my coat, and swung me about until I was facing her.

"Do you mean you are going for good?"

"Going for good, Tommie!"

"But no one knows it," said she.

"No—one but you, and I am asking you to regard as confidential what I have told you."

"You mean you are not going to tell *anyone*?"

"No, no one but you," I repeated.

"But is that fair to your good friends?"

"I think so. I don't like farewells, and never did. I would rather slip away quietly. I shall write them all, of course."

While we were talking we were standing in front of a group of people among whom was Billie Riddick. I noticed Billie turn her head when Thomsine Dawson raised her voice in one of her queries, and I was afraid Billie had overheard. Just then the music started, and Scott Green came up to claim his dance with Tommie. My dance was with Billie Riddick, and I was wondering whether or not to ask her if she had overheard Tommie and me, when Billie brought me out of my state of wonderment by a question.

"So you're going away tomorrow?"

"Yes," said I, knowing there was no use in fencing with Billie. "You overheard?" She nodded.

"Are you going away without telling your friends?"

"Yes, I like it better that way."

"When are you coming back?"

"Probably never," said I.

"Never?"

"Never."

"Have you told Caroline?"

"No," I answered.

"Going to?"

I shook my head.

"Why not?"

"She would not be interested," I said, somewhat coldly.

"What makes you think that?"

"Everything. She hardly speaks to me."

"So I have noticed," said Billie. "What is the trouble?"

"I really can't make it out."

Billie said no more until the dance was over. Then she stood looking at me shrewdly, and I never realized before how penetrating are her green-grey eyes. Then, with that racy dictum which makes her so popular among the men, she said:

"You look like a last month's drunk, Davy Carr! What is the matter with you anyway? Can't you tell me? I'm your friend."

"I know it, Billie," said I, squeezing her arm, "but I see no good in telling you, nor anyone else."

Again Billie pierced me with her green-grey glance. She gripped me by both shoulders, and, as she did so I was conscious that several people were taking interested note of us.

"Do you trust me, Davy?"

"To the limit, Billie," said I warmly.

"Have you the next dance engaged?"

"No," I said, on reflection.

"Then do something to please me!" As she spoke, she put her arm under mine and steered me, half yielding, half resisting, toward a secluded corner of the slightly raised balcony which surrounded the hall on all sides. On the way she caught Scott Green by the arm. He turned.

"Scott, cut the dance with me, and ask that pretty little college girl you're so crazy about. I have something to say to Davy, and it's important!"

Scott demurred slightly, as a man might, but he is a good fellow and a good friend, so he grinned good naturedly, and said, "All right!"

We continued our road to the corner of the balcony. When we had finally seated ourselves, and Billie had pushed a table into a position which would make it impossible for anyone to sit too close to us, she turned on me with another searching glance. Then she smiled. And if striking eyes, and a beautiful mouth, and a dimple which comes and goes, make an attractive smile, Billie Riddick has one.

"Davy Carr, I am really fond of you. When you can stand off and look, you can see as much as anybody in the world, but you are farsighted. You can't see anything close to your own nose. I've been expecting to see you wake up and notice things any time within the last two or three weeks, but I think that hope is vain. So I am going to tell you something—and ask you something. First I guess I'll ask. What's the trouble between you and Caroline? I'm not fooling. I'm in earnest. I have the best of reasons for asking. You can trust me—you know that, don't you?"

"Yes, I know that, Billie."

"Then, don't hesitate! Let me say this much first. You are crazy about Caroline Rhodes, and you are going to be crazier before you are any better, or I'm a poor judge of your kind. Now come across!"

So I, who was dying to tell somebody, told Billie everything from the very beginning down to the kisses which had been my undoing, and the sad rebuffs which had followed. Billie interrupted with questions which sometimes seemed irrelevant, but I answered them patiently. Then she said:

"Now I'll tell you something. Caroline Rhodes does not care a fig for Will King, except as a friend. He knows it, and I know it. And I did not say 'think,' I said 'know.' As to whether Caroline cares very much for anyone else or not, that is not for me to say. She's been a spoiled darling all her days, and the boys have always made a big fuss over her. She's used to it, and she appreciates herself thoroughly. But what you say about her treatment of you since the night you stole the kisses gives me an idea. I may be wrong, so I shan't tell what it is. So you run along and dance with



the girls, and have as good a time as you can, and keep this in mind: As long as a girl is not in love with someone else, you have a chance. So promise me you won't turn on the gas until tomorrow morning!"

She laughed and I laughed, and she shook my hand, and wished me good luck. And the next minute I saw her lithe figure moving gracefully through the crowd in the direction of Don Verney. Of course I was interested, and when she corralled Don, and dragged him off into the corner we had just vacated, my interest grew. Their interview lasted a long time, and I saw one gentleman looking vainly about the room, after the music had started, for his missing partner, and I strongly suspected that the missing one was the lady with the green-grey eyes who was sitting back of the post in the gallery talking to my friend Don.

What other things happened during the evening I did not see, except that I saw Billie talking with Caroline a short time after supper was served. Caroline looked at Billie, it seemed to me, a little belligerently, but Billie said what she had to say in a low voice. Caroline answered, still with her rather belligerent look. Then Billie said something else somewhat at length, and turned and left her, and I plainly saw Caroline's expression change to one I could not fathom, and she stood looking absent-mindedly at Billie's retreating form. Then Caroline turned to Tommie, and asked her a question, and Tommie turned away without answering, leaving Caroline with this same curious look on her face.

That was all I saw. The rest of the evening I danced mechanically, and it is all a kind of maze to me. A last dance with Mary Hale and the "Home Sweet Home" with Tommie, I shall always remember. I wanted so much to tell Mary Hale good-bye. Tommie danced like something possessed, and when it was over, and the rush for wraps had begun, I said, "Well, Tommie, if it is the last, I'm glad it was with you. That, at least, is something to remember!"

She smiled at me wistfully, and pressed my arm. Then she turned away to speak to someone while I hastened to get our belongings.

I had told Dr. King not to wait for me, that I should get a taxi for Tommie and me. He looked at me rather questioningly for a second, and then shrugged his shoulders and said, "All right!"

When Tommie stood in the doorway of her home to bid me good-bye, I felt as if I was leaving my last friend in the world. There was so much in my heart to say that it almost choked me. For one thing I regretted suddenly not having taken Tommie into my confidence about Caroline, but it was too late now to remedy that. So with all the beautiful things welling up in me to say the best I could bring forth was the most conventional little sentence, "It's been a greater pleasure than I can express to have known you, Tommie. Good-bye!"

"Thank you, Davy. I can reciprocate that sentiment, as you well know. But you talk as if we are parting for good." She looked at me sharply.

"Well, maybe we are," I said, with a poor attempt at easy jocularity.

"Don't you care for us enough to come back to see us?"

"It's not a matter of caring. But I don't believe I shall come back, unless to dance at your wedding, Tommie."

"Davy, don't you mean to tell Caroline good-bye?"

"No, Tommie. That is, I shan't try to make an opportunity. She will understand why. Will you do something for me?"

"Surely. What is it?"

"Thank Dr. King for me. He has been very kind."

"Indeed I shall. But," she persisted, returning to the previous subject, "if Caroline gives you a chance, will you take it?"

"I guess so."

She sighed, and looked at me closely. "Good-bye, Davy. I think you are acting foolishly, somehow, but I am puzzled about so many things I am not sure just what to

say. If you see Bob before I do, give him my love. I am going to miss you horribly."

And without a word, evading my outstretched hand, she closed the door and left me standing rather awkwardly on the steps. I had a curious feeling that she was going to cry, and had left thus abruptly to prevent me from seeing it. I walked to the curb mechanically, paid the taxi man, and sent him off, looking at me queerly. It was only minutes after that it came to me that I had given him a fiver for a few blocks ride, and had waved away the change.

I wanted to walk in the air and think. Well, I got the walk, but Heavens knows what I thought about in that interval, for I cannot remember, except that I looked fondly on the now familiar streets, which I had trodden so often in these past months in such jolly company, and on such pleasing errands. And here I was taking my last look at them!

Before I came abreast of the house I looked up eagerly to see if there was a light. There was a faint one in the lower hall, and the outer door of the vestibule was open. That meant that Dr. King had come and gone, and that Caroline had left the outer door open for me, and had left the light for me to turn out. But I saw no light in her room, which is the front one on the second floor.

I let myself in quietly. There was no light or sound in the back of the house downstairs, nor any light upstairs. I stood for a moment hesitating. Then I thought I would take one last look into the grate fire in the back parlor, before which I had spent so many happy hours. There were usually a few embers still burning, even at this time of night. So I slipped out of my coat, and went quietly into the parlor. Then my heart gave a great leap, for Caroline was sitting huddled in her coat, in her favorite corner of the big davenport.

I stopped halfway, undecided what to do. Was not this the opportunity for which I had been praying, and yet—the rebuffs of the past few days still rankled in my breast, and my hurt pride strove to assert itself. So, as I said, I hesitated.

"Pardon me," I began, as calmly as my throbbing pulses would allow, "I thought you had retired. I don't want to intrude."

I half turned, in that second having made up my mind to go if she did not stop me. My sick pride was fighting now!

Caroline never moved, but she spoke.

"Will you answer one question for me, Davy Carr?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Are you going away tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, at ten o'clock."

"What time were you planning to leave the house?"

"A little after nine."

"Then you did not expect to see me?"

"No, I did not."

"You were going, just like that, without a word?"

"Yes—why?"

"Well, Billie Riddick said so, but I did not believe it. And I asked Tommie, and she would not answer me, but she didn't deny it. But it's so, isn't it? It's so?"

I was silent for a moment. Then she went on.

"Life teaches us some hard lessons, doesn't it?"

All this conversation without turning her head to look at me.

"For example?" I queried.

I still stood, with my coat on my arm, by the end of the davenport farthest from Caroline. Then I decided to take a hand in the conversation.

"If you will please tell me *one single thing* you have said or done in the past two or three weeks which would lead me to suppose you would be interested in the least either in my going or staying, I will cite you a dozen to show the reverse."

There was a momentary silence.

"Have you forgotten what happened in this room?"

"... Have you forgotten that?" she said finally.

"No, I couldn't forget it?"

"If you could not, do you think I could?"

"No, if I thought you could, I should not care whether you did or not, and I should not be here talking to you."

For the first time since I had entered the room Caroline looked at me for a brief second. Then she looked away again.

"Will you answer one question?" I asked.

"I guess so."

"Then tell me, please, why you were so dreadfully shocked because I kissed you. Did no one ever try to kiss you before?"

"You never did, Davy Carr, nor had you ever made love to me in any fashion whatsoever, nor had you ever, in any way, told me that you cared for me—nor did you on that occasion, nor have you since that time! Further, you have been for some time at functions of every kind with another woman. Why should you think that you could, without a preliminary word or act, forcibly kiss me—without even so much as 'by your leave'? The fact that you have not a reputation for doing that sort of thing, and the fact that your reputation, indeed, is quite the reverse, only makes it all the worse in my opinion. How low must I stand in your eyes? I cannot quite visualize you as even thinking of such a thing—much less doing it—with most of our mutual friends. I suppose I must be in part to blame, but after all that does not make it any easier, does it? I know I have been a little fool in many ways, and I have tried to shock you deliberately sometimes. Well, if I was trying to make an impression along that line, I certainly succeeded, did I not? I had made up my mind that, if you thought that of me, I should never demean myself by any words of explanation. But now that you are going away, I feel differently about it, somehow. I want to treat myself fairly. So I am going to humiliate myself, mortify my vanity, by asking you to believe that I am not that kind of a girl, Mr. Carr. Of course you will have to take my simple word for it."

Her tone, which at first had been incisive and more than a little sharp, had gradually shaded off into a note of sadness and regret. I was stirred to my depths. I started to answer. Then I stopped abruptly.

"Will you wait for me two minutes?" I said.

She looked up at me in surprise and perplexity.

"Yes, but why should I wait? For what?"

"Just wait," said I, "and you will see."

Then I tiptoed rapidly up the stairs to my room, opened my trunk, and took from it the little box containing the handkerchiefs, programs, notes, and other memorabilia relating to Caroline. Then I rummaged in my half packed bag, and fished out my diary. When I entered the back parlor a minute later, Caroline looked at me with eyes full of wonder. When I drew near I could see, too, that she had been crying. I sat two or three feet from her on the davenport, and placed the little box in her lap. Then I snapped on the light behind her.

"Will you look at those things carefully, please? When you are through with them, I have something else to show you."

"But what have they?"—she began, but I interrupted her.

"Just look, please, before you say anything more."

So she took them up, one by one—her handkerchiefs, the programs, the paper napkins with names and inscriptions, and the notes, on monogram paper, bits of cardboard, the back of a torn blank check. One by one she examined them, one by one she read them, and little by little her look softened, and a rosy glow suffused her neck and brow and cheeks.

Then she looked up at me in some embarrassment—the shyest, sweetest, loveliest face I ever hope to look upon—and sat with red lips parted as if she would speak, but could not find the words.

Before she could say anything, I held out my diary to her, holding it open with my finger.

"This is my private diary, Caroline, written for my eyes alone. No one in the world has seen it but you. Read from there on. I think there is nothing in those pages you should not see, but if there should be, I ask you to hold it sacredly confidential."

I moved close beside her, and looked over her shoulder as she read, beginning with the night of the stolen kisses, when I first realized that I loved her. Day after day, with nothing but her name, and my hopes and fears—mostly fears, alas!—and each trivial incident magnified into importance by association with her personality. At first she read steadily enough, then she slackened, stopped short—and letting the book fall, buried her head in her hands and commenced to cry softly. My impulse to take her in my arms was all but uncontrollable, but by some miracle of self restraint I waited. In a few minutes she straightened up.

"My cards are on the table, dear lady, faces up. I do not know how I can make myself clearer. If you will tell me how, I'll try to do it."

Her voice shook as she spoke.

"Answer me one question, Davy Carr, on your honor! Do you mean all that—all—literally?"

"All that—and infinitely more, Caroline. There are no words adequate to express all I feel."

She sat silent, still looking into the fire. I had to settle things one way or the other.

"Could you learn to care for me—do you think—after a while, maybe?"

"No!" My heart almost stopped as she paused on the monosyllable. "No! I couldn't learn it now, Davy, for I learned it weeks ago."

Then she turned her black eyes full on me, their natural boldness softened by a warm blush which mantled her from throat to brow. Somehow, in my rebound from the misery of the days just past, I felt afraid to move, as if I feared by so doing to destroy this beautiful illusion. Then she continued.

"I think I loved you from the first day, but I am not sure. When I was sure, I was in a panic at the thought of the things I had done to shock you. You always treated me beautifully, but it seemed more as a good-natured brother might treat a mischievous little sister, of whom he is fond, but whom he does not take seriously. I don't see how you could have failed to notice things. I stopped smoking cigarettes because of you, Davy; and I stopped drinking with the men because of you; and I stopped coming to your room because I did not want to seem to be seeking you—I had never thought of that before. When I told Dr. Corey I could never love him, I told him that I loved someone else, and I am sure he knew it was you. Then I waited for you to seek me. That's a terribly hard thing for a woman to do, sometimes, Davy. Then Will King came back, and I let him come here partly because I had to have an escort, and he is a gentleman through and through, and partly because I was mortally afraid lest some day, if I did not keep myself busy, I might let you see how I felt and you, not caring that way for me, might think I was running after you. And, Davy, I remembered everyone of those foolish things I had done. They used to rise up and haunt me nights when I lay awake, and I could not rid myself of the memory of the many times when I had seen disapproval in your eyes. To cap the climax, you started running after Billie Riddick. I don't like to seem to reflect on Billie, for she's always been square with me, and I like her. But, to say no more, Billie's not the kind of a girl one would expect you to run after. If it had been Lillian now—I was always a little afraid of her—I think I should not have minded quite so much. Well, I don't know exactly why I am telling you all this, except perhaps that you have put your cards on the table for me, and I am not afraid to do the same for you." She paused for a moment. Then, "That's all, Davy," she said softly, and looked up at me from under her long lashes.

"I've been pinching myself, for fear I might be dreaming," I said. "I wonder if, to prove that you have understood and forgiven me for the kisses taken by force, you would give me one, Caroline, freely and from your heart."

"Not from my heart, with my heart, Davy—my Davy!"

And she did. If I could describe that moment, I would,

(Continued on page 186)



# CRUSADING FOR THE BROTHERHOOD

By FRANK R. CROSSWAITH

That a new Negro has arrived in the United States is admitted by every one who has been following the development and expansion of the Negro in the arts, and literature. Many people differ, however, in truly identifying this new Negro. Various writers and scholars have tried to locate him, but with very little success. What is new of the Negro in America, is not so much his classical adventures as is his gallant strides made in understanding the social system under which he lives and in a realization of the tremendous importance of economics in an effort adequately to solve what is loosely termed the "Negro Problem." As an evidence of this truth the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is the most outstanding example. The existence of this powerful economic organization will not alone affect the relationships of the white and Negro peoples of the United States, but will divide the Negro race itself upon the basis of their separate interest in the struggle to live. Already this is becoming clearer and clearer as the Brotherhood sweeps forward in its spectacular crusade to bring economic relief directly to the twelve thousand Negroes employed as Pullman Porters and Maids. In this regard it is interesting to students of the social sciences to observe that the most vicious and persistent opposition to the organization of these workers has come from some so-called Negro leaders and Negro institutions.

At midnight on March 12th, the writer in company with W. H. Des Verney, Assistant General Organizer of the Brotherhood, left New York City for a short trip in the interest of the Organization. Our itinerary called for stops to be made at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Buffalo, and Albany, in the order in which they appear. Pittsburgh is considered one of the most solidly anti-union industrial centers in the eastern section of the United States. We found it living most scrupulously up to this reputation. But more than this, we found that the Pullman Company exercised no ordinary amount of influence upon the Negroes of Pittsburgh and upon the institutions supposedly belonging to Negroes. Negro churches and social agencies were particularly influenced to such a degree that for a time it seemed as though the Brotherhood's message would remain undelivered in Pittsburgh. It required exceedingly agile maneuvering on the part of my colleague and I in order to overcome this influence and so accomplish something constructive among the porters there. The district is reputed to have about 300 to 350 porters. The men are governed by Superintendent Kaine. He is pictured by some of the local porters as a true personification of the czaristic philosophy. "I am monarch of all I survey; my rights there are none to dispute." Like all men of this type, say these porters, he has surrounded himself with a few faithful hirelings to whom an appeal to race, to honor, or to those finer qualities to which the average man responds have little or no effect whatever, but whose conduct squares best with the old barbaric command, "Slave, obey thy master." Some of the more manly and honorable porters in Pittsburgh are rigidly opposed to having Harry T. Jones as instructor of Pullman porters. It is common knowledge in Pittsburgh, however, that Harry T. Jones is very well liked by his immediate superior, because of "efficiency of service." One porter said: "Why, Mr. Crosswaith, if we have chicken for dinner, that fact is known in the office of the Superintendent next morning. If we buy a decent rug for our homes, that, too, is immediately reported, and as a result of our efforts to brighten our homes, we are usually penalized."

We were informed by a prominent social worker that a Negro institution, ostensibly for social purposes was being used as an agency for spying on the activities of prominent Negro agitators especially those with an economic program. One of the agents of this outfit, she said,

had made several visits to New York where he attended the mass meetings of the Brotherhood, and that on one occasion she read his report and saw the writer's name coupled with that of the promoter of the American Negro Labor Congress. Whether this bit of information is true or false, Pittsburgh still remains the ancestral home of "stool pigeons."

It was only after we were successful in getting before the Baptist Ministers' Conference of Pittsburgh and vicinity, composed of 150 ministers with a combined congregation of approximately 45,000 persons that we were able to overcome the opposition. The Conference adopted the following Resolutions endorsing the Brotherhood and exhorting Baptist Clergy and laymen everywhere to give the Pullman Porters all moral and financial support possible.

"Whereas, We, the undersigned ministers, representing the Negro Baptist Ministers' Conference of Pittsburgh and vicinity, with 150 churches and a combined congregation of approximately 45,000 persons, after hearing the address of Frank R. Crosswaith, a representative of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, do hereby go on record unqualifiedly endorsing the gallant efforts being made by this group of Negro workers to strengthen their chances in the struggle to live by organizing a union. And, Whereas, we endorse this movement because we feel that in organizing a union, through which to protect their interest, they are doing no more than workmen of other races have done and are doing. We also endorse this movement because we believe that if these men succeed with their program their success will tend to encourage race workmen everywhere to harness their producing powers for the purpose of improving their economic, social and educational status, making generally for the betterment of the human race. And, Whereas, we unhesitatingly condemn those who, being devoid of vision and race pride, have lent their time, ability and their position to misrepresent this great movement and thwart its progress, especially those ministers of the gospel who, in this instance, have substituted the Cross of Christ for a cross of gold in order that they might stand with those who would keep this body of Negro workers from exercising their inalienable right to life, liberty and happiness. Therefore, be it Resolved, That we, the Baptist ministers of Pittsburgh and vicinity in conference assembled, do hereby pledge unstintingly our moral and financial support to the manly and courageous efforts being made by the Pullman porters to organize themselves into a union, to be known as the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. And we appeal to our brethren everywhere to aid them in every way possible."

A similar attempt was made to appear before the Washington Conference of the M. E. Church, which was presided over by Bishop Claire, but we were unsuccessful in doing so. Evidently, these men of God (?) would have nothing to do with us. The writer personally appeared at the Conference on two occasions and presented his card with a request for the privilege of addressing the gathering on the matter of the Brotherhood. These requests were absolutely ignored by Bishop Claire who was in the chair at the time. Not only were we ignored, but those who controlled the publicity of the Conference saw to it that all other visitors were announced in the press except the representatives of the Brotherhood. No doubt, had a Pullman official appeared at that conference, he would have been permitted to speak, and the learned ministers would have considered themselves rendering a great service to God and their race. Not all the Negro ministers in Pittsburgh, however, have pawed their souls to wealth and greed. For instance, there is the Rev. Dr. C. A. Jones, Pastor of Central Baptist Church and Rev. Dr. H. P. Jones of Euclid Avenue Church. These two

men, with a few others, stood out among the ministers of Pittsburgh like a beacon light at night on a dark and storm-swept sea.

Nevertheless, after spending considerable time there, we left with a goodly percentage of the men having signed up as members of the Brotherhood. It might be well here to state that since leaving Pittsburgh, the men of that district have been steadily coming into the Organization.

In Cincinnati conditions were a little more pleasant. There we were fortunate in being in a city where the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America has a strong organization. These white working men, without being requested to do so, turned over to us their large assembly room, located in the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks Building for our mass meetings. It is said to be the first time that Negroes were ever in the building in any other capacity than that of servants. We held two meetings there, which, while they were not overflow meetings, were of tremendous propaganda value to our Organization, and we enrolled quite a number of local porters before our departure.

Detroit proved to be a paradise. Meetings were held there both mornings and evenings, and they were all well attended. There was not a single meeting at the close of which the Brotherhood was not stronger by six to thirteen new members. Cleveland was the next stop, and proved equally as fertile as Detroit, if not much more so.

The Aldun Hotel (hole in the wall) in which our meetings were held witnessed a constant stream of proud porters flowing forward to join the ever-swelling ranks of the Brotherhood. The white newspapers gave us splendid publicity. In Buffalo we conducted our meetings, two each day, in Evans' place, just opposite the railroad station. These meetings were well attended, and like those in Detroit, and in Cleveland, took on, in many instances, the appearance of gigantic mass meetings. At the close of each meeting my colleague and I were literally swamped with applicants. Albany not having very many porters left for us to enroll, our visit there was very short. We returned to New York City on the night of April 14th, after covering nearly 2,000 miles of territory. We delivered together almost 100 speeches in the cause of the Brotherhood in particular and labor in general. The trip on the whole was a splendid triumph for our cause; it convinced us thoroughly of the fact that the Negro workers of the United States are at last awakened to the important part played in their lives by the economic factor, and that truly a new Negro faces America; that he is ready for the gospel of economic emancipation, and that the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is symptomatic of this fact. The spiritual and educational gains of this trip is beyond my pen adequately to describe. Sufficient to say, however, that through the existence of the Brotherhood the Negro in America in particular and the workers generally, are spiritually richer for our being.

## PULLMAN PORTERS AND MAIDS

The following resolution has focussed public attention upon the cause of the Pullman porters to organize for a living wage.

Every porter and maid should write his Congressman and Senator to back this resolution. You should insist upon it being placed in the Labor Committee where it will be properly and adequately considered.

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH.

H. RES. 238

69th Congress—1st Session

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

April 26, 1926

Mr. Celler submitted the following resolution; which was referred to the Committee on Rules and ordered to be printed.

### RESOLUTION

Whereas the Pullman Company sells primarily service, mainly the service of its employees, especially of the Pullman porters and maids, from which service much of its profits are derived; and

Whereas it is the claim of those engaged in the present struggle of the Pullman porters and maids to organize into a trade union, that their wages are at a miserable level, and that conditions and hours of employment are such as to menace their health and efficiency, allowing them only three hours sleep a night on the average run; and

Whereas they are subject to many hours of enforced preparatory labor without pay; and

Whereas it is claimed that the tips received by the average porter on a standard car are insufficient to pay for his personal expenses on the road alone and that therefore he and his family are forced to live on his present yearly average wage of \$870 which is far below the minimum American family budget; and

Whereas it appears that the Pullman Company, under the name of the Pullman Palace Car Company, began business under the laws of the State of Illinois in 1867 with an original capitalization of \$32,306,000, to which

no cash capitalization has since been added, although now the Pullman Company claims that it is capitalized at \$135,000,000; and

Whereas it appears that the sum total of dividends since the company's original incorporation amounts to over \$269,500,000, in addition to which \$64,000,000 has been declared in stock dividends, making a total of all dividends in excess of \$333,500,000 of which \$10,738,872 were declared during the last fiscal year; and

Whereas the gross revenue of the Pullman Company during the last fiscal year was \$90,318,319, of which \$83,927,749 was from sleeping-car and kindred services alone; and

Whereas its net profits were \$15,771,976, of which \$12,631,103 was from sleeping-car and kindred services alone, and that said huge profits are ample and sufficient to better the working conditions, hours of employment, and wages of Pullman porters and maids; and

Whereas every reasonable effort made by the Pullman porters and maids to organize for the purpose of collective bargaining has met with constant and stubborn resistance of the Pullman Company, who have used every known method that wealth can purchase to prevent said organization; and

Whereas the conditions of labor that the said Pullman Company imposes on the Pullman porters and maids are so below the American standard of living as to shock the public conscience by it: Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the Committee on Labor, House of Representatives, be hereby empowered to investigate the wages, hours, and conditions of employment of the Pullman porters and maids and to investigate the financial history and financial conditions of the Pullman Company as same may affect wages and conditions of employment to the end that exploitation of said Pullman employees might be prevented and that they might receive fair and adequate wages commensurate with their services. For this purpose said Committee on Labor will have the right to swear witnesses and take testimony in the District of Columbia as well as other parts of the country.



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## A Page of Calumny and Satire

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

**The Monthly Award:** This month we awarded the coveted cutglass thunder-mug to the Hon. Jos. D. Bibb, editor of the widely unread Chicago Whip for the following contribution to the mirth of the nation which appeared in the editorial columns of that great moral weekly:

"The Chicago Whip has rendered its quota of service to the cause of disseminating a healthy public opinion. It has never truckled and has never sought to exploit the public for selfish reasons. It has maintained a steadfast policy of refusing to accept burlesque advertisements, it has refused to countenance quacks and four-flushers. It has refused to sit in the councils of schemers and despoilers. It has maintained its high degree of integrity in all instances. . . . It is respected wherever there is reverence for honest convictions, purity of motives, brain power and courage. It will always be found contending for the right as we are given to see the right." (Italics are ours).

**American Fables No. 5:** You visit a Negro family in Harlem "Mecca of the New Negro." It is a very neat apartment-home and you are surprised to learn that all the furniture is paid for. You are much more surprised, however, when you find that there are no roomers. When bedtime arrives everyone has a regulation bed to sleep in. This almost leaves you speechless because you had expected to see kitchen cabinets, trick tables and sofas, clothes hampers and bathtubs pressed into service for sleeping purposes. When rent time approaches you confidently expect that a pig foot-synthetic gin-beer-player piano party will be held at 25 cents admission (and nothing free) in order to satisfy the landlord. But again you are fooled.

Yeh, let's have another pill, Hop Sing!

**Note on Feminism:** The reason why only women of the upper and middle classes fell for the feminist bunk is not hard to determine. In the first place, the women of the working class had something to occupy them besides playing bridge, reading the latest novels and supporting dubious "causes." Moreover, the agitation to get women in industry left the proletarian females cold, seeing that they had known nothing but work from the cradle to the grave. What the broads of the hoi polloi wanted was leisure, not labor. They likewise noted the grim humor of agitating for legislative changes giving women control of their own property when the majority of them hadn't even paid for the furniture they were wearing out and had the devil's own time meeting the exactions of the landlord. Nor were these proletarian women far wrong when they remained indifferent to the ballot—the net result of feminine participation in politics being just twice as many votes cast for the sainted Warren Gamaliel and Silent

Call! On the other hand, they observe that for the sake of nebulous "rights" they have lost many privileges accorded formerly by the chivalrous males. In place of the old slogan "Ladies First," they correctly foresaw the current one: "Pay Your Own Way." It was the working class women who clearly saw that it was the men, not the women, whom the Feminists were emancipating. That is why we were confronted with the spectacle of the average female being an anti-Suffragist. True, they had nothing to lose but their chains, but that's just what they wanted! A chain usually has someone at each end!

**Query:** What profiteth a country to spend billions lifting its citizens out of the slough of illiteracy only to boost the circulation of tabloid newspapers, true—romance—confession—snappy magazines, cross-word puzzles, and bum oil stock?

**The Inebriated Lexicographer:** More new definitions for familiar words:

**Bathtub, n. 1.** A large enamel vessel used by homebrewers and minor bootleggers who furnish "pre-war," "bonded" and "imported" beverages to thirsty and credulous fellow citizens. 2. Occasionally used for bathing or for soaking clothes.

**Typewriter, n. 1.** A mechanical curse enabling bum writers to besiege editors with more numerous and impossible manuscripts than formerly. 2. A pinch hitter for the wife.

**Home, n. 1.** A service station for landlords, real estate sharks, installment houses and knick-knack salesmen.

**Famous sayings of Famous People:** The following collection of famous sayings was gathered at great expense for the information and instruction of the readers of this great religious monthly:

"A man may be down but he's never out."

Leonard Kip Rhinelander.

"So this is Atlanta."

Marcus Garvey.

"I came; I saw; I collected."

"Hon." Perry Howard.

"Beggars should not be choosers."

"Major" R.R. Moton.

"Can't a man spend \$15,000 on a dinner for his friends?"

Melvin Chisum.

"To beg or not to beg; that is the question."

Eugene Kinckle Jones.

"I emphatically deny that I am the only member of the Pan-African Congress."

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

"We consider the Volstead Law unconstitutional and exceedingly oppressive."

Attorney Clarke L. Smith and Gilchrist Stewart.

"In spite of all, I insist that I am 99 44/100 per cent pure."

Nora Holt Ray.

"All I want is another chance—where there are no C.P.A's."

Roscoe "Cackling" Simmons.

"As usual, I shall be a candidate for office this year."

Editor George Harris.

**The Right Thinker:** Every once in a while some bozo gets off bilge to the effect that "No right thinking person would do this, that or the other" or "All right thinking are agreed, etc., etc." Now what, precisely, is a right thinker? It is, if our observation has been careful, a yap who thinks along with the herd, with the ruck of plodding slaves. Right thinking is majority thinking—and everybody knows the sort of people who constitute the majority. People who are capable of doing much thinking are seldom right thinkers. Indeed, among such people it is a term of reproach.

### Getting Up

Wink a little,  
Blink a little,  
Scratch your wee brown nose;  
Yawn a little,  
Sigh a little,  
Snuggle 'neath the clothes.

Wink a little,  
Blush a little,  
Laugh, and shake your head;  
Rub your wee  
Brown toes together,  
Tumble out of bed.

Stand on both feet,  
Slightly swaying,  
Like twin flower stems;  
Wild sweet Fantee pickanniny,  
One of Africa's Gems.

AQUAH LALUAH.

Reviews of "Black Haiti," "Heloise and Abelard" and other books of interest in July issue



### The Slacker-Porter

There are some people in the world who never make a decision for deciding. They are incapable of arriving at a definite judgment. While their minds are ever on a given subject, they cannot think it through. Fearing lest they make a mistake, their excuse for inaction is "I am thinking it over." If the world depended upon this type of individual, we would still be dwelling in caves, eating nuts and swept endlessly on by the forces of nature.

And if it is not indecision which characterizes the life of the slacker, it is fear, fear to think, to speak or to act. The slacker throws his burdens on the shoulders of others, ever willing to escape duty, a responsibility, though vociferously claiming that he is a man, doubtless because he looks like one. Such a type of man is the slacker-porter. Characteristic of the drone, he is waiting for something magically to turn up, but is hesitant to put his shoulder to the wheel to help turn that something up. He is perfectly willing to enjoy the fruits of other manly porters' labor and sacrifice. And in order to avoid the condemnation of his fellow workers, he even hypocritically pretends to be a union member, feeling that few porters who are members will request him to show his card. Now, there is another specie of slacker-porter, too. He joins the union but does not pay his monthly dues or attend meetings. He simply expects the organization to run on somehow.

Such types of humanity have always existed and perhaps always will exist. They have never helped to advance the cause of mankind or of any oppressed group, and still they are exploited and oppressed just as much as their fellow workers are. The remedy for the slacker-porter is ceaseless education, agitation, and organization. Progress abhors a slacker, a drone, a parasite. The slacker-porter is a traitor to himself, his family and his race.

### England's General Strike

The General Strike has come and gone. It has registered its impress upon world history. It is probably the biggest event in modern labor history. As a demonstration of solidarity, it was incomparable. An analysis of the industrial situation of the miners, shows conclusively that it was forced upon the British workers. The chronic vacillation of the Baldwin Government, the intolerant insistence by the mine owners upon a reduction in pay and an increase in hours of work, the evident bankruptcy of the mine owners for a sound, efficient program for the re-organization of the mining industry so as to be able to pay the miners a living wage, the recognition on the part of the workers that a cut in wages and an increase in hours of work of one

# Editorial

## Opinion of the leading

group of workers would serve as an entering wedge for a wholesale slashing of wages, combined to force the workers to resolve vigorously, sanely but positively to resist this assault upon their standard of living.

Of course, their cause was misrepresented. Propaganda was religiously broadcasted to the effect that the strike was revolutionary in purpose, seeking to overthrow parliamentary government. This was an obvious distortion of the facts. It was merely an effort at rationally and definitely bringing about a settlement of an industrial dispute. The British Trade Union Congress sought every available avenue for industrial peace. Nor did it order the interruption of any form of service which would have threatened the life of the people. And be it said to the eternal credit of labor that the strike was executed with a marvel of efficiency, a challenge to unreasoning capitalists.

What did it achieve? It forced a continuance of the subsidy to the miners, prevented a reduction in wages and an increase in hours of work, forced the Government to accept the royal coal commission's report, by Herbert Samuels, setting forth a program for the nationalization of the mines for service. And even the die-hard Tories are gradually coming to the appreciation of the virtue of this scheme.

### The Sweet Acquittal

The Sweet case was a challenge to the Negro manhood of America. It was also a challenge to American democracy. In it was involved the big question of the right of a man to protect his home, that is a Negro man. For that right is taken as a matter of course with white men. Merely to question it is to invite his unqualified opposition. But with the Negro, he is expected to accept with utter resignation and complacency assaults upon his home, life and liberty, the constitutional guarantees to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Fortunately, however, there is an enlightened, resolute and determined minority of people of color in these United States who are ever ready to register their unequivocal exception to any violation of the rights of the Negro as a man and an American citizen. Perhaps, the most militant and efficient group in voicing this demand for equal civil, social and political rights, is the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Its fight for the vindication of the right of the Negro to be lord and master of his home in the Sweet case, was a magnificent and glorious demonstration of intelligent and constructive militancy. Had it accomplished nothing else, this alone would fully justify the whole-hearted support of the Negro.

In this connection, may we never forget the brilliant and noble service rendered in our cause by Clarence Darrow. His was a defense which will live for all time. Nor should we be unmindful of the splendid display of courage of the Sweets themselves. Such spirit to the race is far more valuable than mines of gold and silver. It is indeed priceless.



# ria

## colored American thinkers



### Passaic Strikers

Perhaps one of the most heroic struggles in modern labor history is the strike of the textile workers in Passaic, New Jersey. Denied freedom of speech and assemblage, mercilessly beaten and clubbed by the gardames of the bosses, with the bitter cries of their children for bread and milk ringing in their ears, they are still resolutely standing firm for a living wage and decent working conditions. Because of the nameless persecution of these innocent men and women by blood thirsty monarchs of the textile industry, the conscience of public spirited citizens has been aroused to a vigorous protest. They have called a halt to the barbarous policy of the bosses to starve the strikers into submission. The children of these workers need succor. All liberty loving Americans should help them. One of the agencies through which help may be extended is the American Civil Liberties Union at 100 Fifth Avenue.

### Supreme Court Upholds Segregation

In the case involving the right of Mrs. Dr. Helen Curtis to buy a home in a certain section of Washington, D. C., the Supreme Court ruled that persons had the right to agree not to sell a Negro property, is another serious and definite blow to Negro freedom. That it is in violation of everything that is just and right, is obvious on its face. It harks back to the Chief Justice Taney's spirit.

It must not be permitted to stand. It does not follow that because the highest tribunal in the land has put its stamp of approval upon segregation, that it is just and should not be questioned. The Supreme Court has made mistakes before. It is composed of human beings who are subject to error, all of the frailties and prejudices that man is heir to. It was wrong on the legal tender cases. It was wrong on the income tax issue in 1894. It has been wrong on issue after issue affecting the rights of labor. Not only has it been wrong, but it has admitted as much in reversing its decisions. But this only came with the change in the composition of the Court, indicating plainly that decisions change with the viewpoint of judges.

It is tantamount to giving legal sanction to the Lothrop Stoddard allegation of the Negro's inferiority, for people are only banned from the enjoyment of certain who are adjudged inferior; and whoever is regarded as inferior, will be accorded inferior treatment, politically, socially and economically. Should the Negroes accept this thing uncomplainingly, there will be a nation-wide recrudescence of all forms of proscription, segregation and discrimination. They can, will, and must change it.

### The Month

The month is full of dramatic happenings. The most spectacular of all the events that have arrested the

attention of the people is doubtless the General Strike in England, called to resist the autocracy of the coal barons; next is the sudden over-turn of the peasant Wito's Government by General Pilsudski giving birth to another dictator in Europe along with Mussolini, De Riviera, etc. In the shadow of these major events, have paled the new German-Russian pact, the Locarno instrument and the rumored capitulation of the Riffs to the French. In America, the Nergoes won a signal victory in the acquittal of Sweet, the World Court policy of the Coolidge Administration has sustained a temporary setback in the defeat of Senator McKinley in the Illinois elections, while the wets in the recent Vare victory in Pennsylvania, seem to be making unmistakable progress, in the same time area, the Supreme Court, in the decision upholding segregation in the Curtis-residential case, gives birth to another cogent reason for the democratization of its powers and tenure, meanwhile the doors of the public schools are closed to James Weldon Johnson and Arthur Garfield Hayes and John Haynes Holmes because of the alleged claim that they are members of organizations that don't suit the dark ages witch-hunting notions of O'Shea, a public school official.

### Conspiracy to Libel

The case of Conspiracy to Libel by Bibb and MacNeal of the "Chicago Whip" against Chandler Owen and A. Philip Randolph of "The Messenger" Magazine was thrown out of court on the grounds that the evidence was incomplete, insufficient, immaterial and irrelevant.

It is very significant that the case did not even go to the jury. It was obvious from the very outset that it was a frame-up, that the Whip outfit did not have a leg to stand on, and that they were driven on by some strong force from behind.

At the opening of the case when the Assistant District Attorney began questioning prospective jurors, the hand of the Pullman Company became strikingly evident. Three men were dismissed after the Prosecutor brought out through questions that they were members of labor unions. From this procedure it was obvious that it would be some time before a jury could be selected, hence the judge wisely dissented and ordered the elimination of all questions bearing on labor unions. After the prosecution had put twelve or more witnesses on the stand, the judge became impatient, and in the second half of the second day addressed the jury. He said in substance: "That no evidence has been produced to show conspiracy to libel, and even if you were to return a verdict of guilty, I would set it aside immediately."

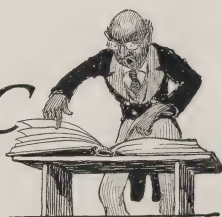
Enough said.



# The Critic

## Do they tell the truth

By J. A. ROGERS



George Schuyler, eminent Aframerican wit, and a 1926 edition of Juvenal, in his column in the Pittsburgh Courier, takes the Negro insurance companies to task. Though they constitute our biggest and most substantial business and are keeping millions of dollars within the group, he declares "it is doubtful whether they have made an individual or concerted effort to lower the death and sickness rates among the people of the group."

"This policy is not only shortsighted but it is inefficient. Better housing, better sewage disposal and more knowledge of sanitation and personal hygiene among Negroes would mean more dollars in the treasuries of these companies and consequently more profits. Thus from the viewpoint of the profit motive it would be sound business for these companies to carry on a vigorous campaign for better housing, better sewage disposal and better health among their policyholders, actual and potential. The companies have the money to do this and there is a plethora of Negro doctors in the group willing and anxious to obtain employment in such a worthwhile cause. Moreover, it would be excellent advertising for any or all of these insurance companies if they would establish clinics in certain urban and rural centers and route capable young physicians through their various districts to lecture on the methods of attaining longevity by preventing disease. Ten thousand dollars expended this way in a given district would mean a hundred thousand dollars more in the treasury. Not only would such a policy be a fine public service, but it would be exercising enlightened self-interest. When, if ever, will our insurance companies do it?"

This charge, whether true or not, is worth while repeating here. This matter of a high Negro death-rate—it is uniformly a third higher than that of the white—ought to be a matter of the most vital and humane interest to every thinking Negro. Why is the Negro death-rate higher than the white? Because he belongs to an inferior stock, as the Nordics assert; or is it due to sheer ignorance?

The human body is pretty much like a machine. Use it without a knowledge of its proper care, and no matter how finely built, it will not last its allotted time. Negroes are more illiterate than whites, and their death rate will be found to be pretty much in proportion to that illiteracy.

The blame for a lack of common hygienic knowledge like that for illiteracy must be placed squarely on the shoulders of those possessing that knowledge. It is the fault of society if there are human things who do not know how to read or to take care of their bodies for no matter how clever a man may turn out to be later he must depend on someone else to teach him at least the alphabet.

The Negro's three most vital enemies are heart, lung and venereal diseases. The first is plainly due to overwork and lack of proper relaxation, strange as this may sound to the professional white man. The second also partly to this same cause, and to exposure. The third, sheer ignorance.

Among primitive peoples, tuberculosis and venereal trouble are practically unknown. These are the diseases of civilized peoples living in congested areas. To the best of my researches it was the white man who infected both the Red Indian and the Negro with these diseases, without at the same time giving them the knowledge he had acquired in combatting these plagues. In primitive environments the diseases are few, and long experience has taught the natives how to fight them successfully.

When civilized man enters, however, the natives at first find themselves as powerless against his diseases as against his gunpowder.

Perhaps the greater percentage of the excess of the Negro death-rate is that of infants. Mothers do not know how to care for their children, often resorting to methods, whose precise effect is to hasten death. The following are some of the methods resorted to by some Negro mothers in the South:

Measles: Mixture of sheep's dung and whiskey.

Sore eyes: Urine, breast milk, and spittle from a dry mouth.

Whooping cough: When the spell is on hold child over privy and let it inhale odor.

Diphtheria: Woman's dirty stocking around throat.

Now who is going to spread this hygienic knowledge. Much of the very little that has been done so far has been done by white people. Some years ago the Negro infant death rate in the Columbus Hill District, New York City, was almost cut in two by taking education. Here mothers, in a campaign instituted largely by white people.

But I believe the real work will not begin until thinking Negroes take the task in hand—a splendid medium, as Schuyler points out, being their own insurance companies, whose interests undoubtedly, it is to lower the sickness and death-rate as then they will have less claims to pay.

I am glad to say that within recent years Negroes have been doing some practical work along this line. In April last there was a National Negro Health Week, held under the auspices of Tuskegee Institute and the National Negro Business League, during which knowledge of modern hygiene was broadcasted by press, pulpit, and radio.

And I know of at least one Negro life insurance company who is doing splendid humanitarian work along this line. Doubtless there are others. There is the North Carolina Mutual, whose spotlessly beautiful clinic I recently had the pleasure of visiting in Durham, N. C. Here advice and treatment in latest medical science is given free to policy holders.

This company has a life extension and welfare department headed by Dr. Clyde Donnell, with Dr. Wm. L. Joyner, assistant medical director, and Dr. Roscoe C. Brown, director of field service. All three took an important part in Health Week, the bulletin of which, issued by the U. S. Public Health Service, I now have before me.

I was informed by Dr. Donnell, that the company had about four hundred regularly appointed physicians, a part of whose duties is to co-operate with national agencies, such as the Public Health Service, state and local agencies as the National Tuberculosis, American Social Hygiene, and the American Child Health Associations, to spread knowledge to policy-holders and non-policy-holders. Much good work against venereal disease is also being done by Dr. Brown, who was formerly in the U. S. Health Service. His pamphlet on sex hygiene is issued by the government.

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# ROBBING THE PORTER

By ASHLEY L. TOTTEN

Digging deeper into the economic condition of the porters and maids it has been found that there are yet some very interesting facts which the public ought to know. In the commissary department the Pullman porter is employed in the capacity of a chef, cook or a waiter. He is known officially as the buffet-broiler porter or the buffet-water car porter. His rate of pay is ten dollars more per month or the same wages received by the "in charge" porter. He is also given a 3% commission on all drinks and foodstuffs sold the passengers.

On a buffet-broiler car the porter prepares short orders such as steaks, chops, ham and eggs, fried potatoes which orders are cooked upon a large sterno heating arrangement, and as it is impossible for him to cook and wait on the table at the same time they also provide him with another porter who cares for the passengers in a general way on the trip.

The buffet car porter or water car porter as he is usually called is the man who sells drinks such as ginger ale, white rock water, lemonade and also cigars and cigarettes. If the porter on the car is a Negro then he is rated as a waiter, and receives the pay of a waiter. If he is a Filipino then he is rated as an attendant, is furnished with free uniforms, and paid at a higher rate with 10% commission on all drinks sold.

The Negro porter in buffet service is compelled to stock the car himself. He reports to the commissary department and signs up for all foodstuffs, drinks, cigars, etc., which are to be sold on the round trip, and which heavy load the porters has to carry from the commissary department over the dangerous third rail tracks until he finds his car. It might be explained that he is responsible for even the crumbs of bread that are charged up against him, and it might also be pointed out in passing that during the porter's absence, it is alleged that other employees with master keys may go into his car and stage luncheon parties and help themselves to his best cigars.

One porter has shown receipts amounting to \$531.17 which he paid back to the Pullman Company within six years as a result of buffet shortage. The figures quoted are as follows:

| Year | Amount   |
|------|----------|
| 1921 | \$ 19.06 |
| 1922 | 48.71    |
| 1923 | 23.90    |
| 1924 | 183.28   |
| 1925 | 166.22   |
| 1926 | 71.40    |

Now it is quite clear that the porter would not continue to rob the car of its provisions when he realizes that he is actually robbing himself. The truth of the matter is that after he has checked up and turned in his reports the car is at the mercy of others, and the official count made by the checker from the commissary department is the only report recognized by the Pullman Company. On pay day the porter learns that out of his wages they have taken from one to fifteen dollars for

buffet shortage and there is no way for him to protest or to accuse anyone of the theft.

In addition to this outrage the porter finds himself against still greater hardships. He receives poor pay, is not given the opportunity to get tips and if he is found with a sandwich which he brought from home for personal use, he is fired from the service. A porter who has given years of service in the broiler trade was called down by the Assistant Superintendent Mr. Saring of the New York District, who told him that he was not supposed to take even a sandwich on the car, and threatened him with immediate dismissal when he said that he considered such a ruling to be an imposition.

The mere fact that the porter is charged up for his meals is reason to make one believe that the buffet-broiler service is operated at a loss to the Pullman Company. Suppose we study this point carefully: A loaf of bread for instance must yield ninety cents. It must therefore be carefully cut into six orders at fifteen cents an order. If there are six orders of toast, then a loaf of bread must yield \$1.50 or twenty-five cents an order. The Pullman Company pays approximately fifteen cents per loaf. There are three slices to an order at the rate of fifteen cents per order. Out of one loaf the porter is charged up ninety cents, hence the Pullman Company after deducting the cost price makes a profit of seventy-five cents.

If there are six orders of toasts at twenty-five cents an order the porter is charged up to the sum of \$1.50. Deduct fifteen cents the original cost of the bread when it is fresh and the Pullman Company makes a profit of \$1.35 out of one simple loaf of bread. Now it happens that the standard size loaf is not always obtainable, and a Ward loaf which is a trifle smaller is substituted. Out of this Ward loaf the porter is expected to sell six orders and turn in to the Pullman Company the profits of seventy-five cents and one dollar and thirty-five cents respectively on each loaf. Quite often after the porter has received his supply for the round trip he finds that they have slipped him some stale bread which has shrunk to a minimum size. The result is that he cannot get six orders out of such a loaf, consequently he finds his check a few cents short on the following pay day. A can of beans which is unfit to eat is returned by the passenger and the porter has no way of explaining this to the commissary officer.

There is one thing certain, neither the passenger or the Pullman Company entails the loss of that can of beans. The porter pays and he always does. It is because of this plain robbing that the Pullman porter usually steers clear of the buffet car service and thus avoids being starved to death.

The problem of the sign-out-clerk is to find a man who will operate a broiler or buffet car, because it is known generally that he is robbed, and there is no way to find out who is robbing him.

In the meantime the inference is that since force of circumstances compels him to accept his pay minus what is termed buffet shortage the porter is considered a moral thief in the eyes of the Pullman Company.

## Sleep

When I have drawn my last cold breath,  
When I lie silent in the arms of death,  
Weep not nor mourn but rather say  
He has gone like the sun at close of day  
To bury his face in an unknown sea,  
In a deep calm sea whose waves of rest  
Tell me always sleep is best.

EDWARD SILVERA.

# WHAT ARE WE, NEGROES OR COLORED PEOPLE?

By W. A. DOMINGO

*Reproduced from May-June, 1919. Messenger.*

The discussion as to what should be the racial cognomen of the composite people of Negroid descent living in the Western world is not a new one, but has been a moot question for nearly fifty years. This discussion, strangely enough, has always been waged among the people in question themselves, and while arguing the (to them,) momentous matter, the white race, which controls the literature of the world, has gone its way placidly, fixing the term according to local usage or the particular language.

But among the disputants considerable bitterness and acerbity of feelings have been engendered, which in the long run have only helped to make a breach in the ranks of a people who, despite their foibles and intra-racial distinctions, are destined by the dominant white man for a position of social inferiority.

In other words, while we are fighting among ourselves over inconsequentials, the Caucasian keeps his determination fastened to the more important matter of a fixed relationship between himself and us. However, as the question seems to disturb Negro minds so much and having a definite opinion on the matter, we are treating it editorially without importing either personality or petty antagonisms into the subject.

According to modern ethnologists, the human family is capable of two main divisions, viz, the colorless race and the colored races. This division is arrived at from a purely scientific standpoint. In any Whittic book or any dictionary proves, is not a color, but is the negation of all colors, and since there is no pigmentation in white people, science correctly regards them as being the colorless race. On the other hand pigment is to be found in the skins of all the colored races whether it be yellow, Mongolian; black, Negro; red, Indian, or brown, Malay. From these major divisions, subdivisions are made, as for instance among the Caucasians, who are classified as Latins, Teutons, Slavs, etc.

It is, therefore, easily seen that the term colored can with equal exactness be applied to a Chinese, a Nubian, an Apache or a Hindu. But the term colored has a special as well as a general usage. When the Kaiser is trying to unite the white people of the world, he refers to the bogey of the colored races uniting; when a person refers to a man of Negroid extraction in the United States, he speaks of a colored man, but that conveys to the hearer's mind no idea as to the man's actual color; but in the West Indies when the word colored is used in statistics or in describing a person, the understanding is that it refers to a person of visible white and black ancestry. Hence the term has three meanings:

The first meaning is scientific, the American meaning is vague and interchangeable with Negro, while the West Indian meaning is definite if inappropriate. What the word colored use of the word really implies is that a colored person of white origin but who has been "colored" because of an infiltration of non-white blood, and, but for this coloration, such a person would be white. In other words, the original use of the word came from the white man's reluctance to admit into his racial group anyone who is not altogether white. But this terminology is weak, for by the same process of reasoning, a person of Hindu-Caucasian parentage is a "colored" person, because such a person has an infusion of some kind of pigment into his otherwise colorless self. But out in India such persons have a distinct group name, one that connotes both their social status and their origin—Eurasian. The same thing is also true of the hybrid of Indian and white in Brazil; they are called *Mestizo*, and not colored.

There is this that can be said, though, of the West Indian usage. It is possible of continued acceptance and currency despite its obvious weakness, because the people so classified have become a more or less exclusive or distinct group with definite color and group interests, which fact makes the term colored one of value to them. The average West Indian of visible white admixture would be insulted to be called a Negro, because he realizes that that word connotes, in that country, a status lower than that connoted by the word colored. Hence, the clinging to an ethnologically vague and philologically inexact terminology. In the United States the situation is different, as there is no material or social gain in the use of either term. Whether a person is called colored or Negro, the dominant white man has a fixed status for that person.

If a man applies for a position and refers to himself as

colored, it does not insure him greater possibility of success over the other applicant who refers to himself as a Negro. The two terms are used interchangeably, as both connote to Negroes and Caucasians in America, the same social, civic and industrial destiny. When either colored or Negro is used, it means any person in America who is not a Mongolian, an Indian or a Caucasian. And if he hasn't on his native robes, it may even include a Hindu!

Both the words Negro and colored are terminological ineptitudes in so far as they refer to the composite millions of America; for a person one-eighth black is more a "colored" man than is the person who is one-eighth white a Negro. The so-called colored or Negro race, so far as the Western world is concerned, is neither black, yellow nor brown; but a composite people carrying in their veins the blood of many different types of the human family. What holds them together is the pressure exerted from the outside upon them by a dominant and dominating stronger race. This pressure has produced oneness of destiny and for that reason the "race" is developing a sentiment and consciousness of unit. Working from the inside is a centrifugal force that tends to disrupt, but stronger than that is the centripetal force exerted by the white man.

The Caucasian has said that if a man has one-sixteenth black blood, such a person is black. While this is an absurdity in logic, still it is a fact in practice, hence such a person has no choice but to accept the name given to the black race, a little of whose blood flows in his veins. To do otherwise would be to proclaim a longing to be included in a race that despises him.

Of the two terms "colored" and "Negro," the former is the weaker, as it too loose, too inexact and means nothing specific in America; while the latter is generic and is reinforced by a history that is worthy of pride. The word colored, as apart from the people called "colored," connotes shame and implies an insult. Besides, with what kind of logic could anyone insist that such an indefinite adjective as colored should be capitalized? On the other hand, the generic term Negro is gradually being capitalized because the word designates a racial group and not a particular color, and it would be absurd in speaking English to designate color by saying "a Negro hat," but it would be eminently correct to refer to "a colored hat," meaning a hat that is not white.

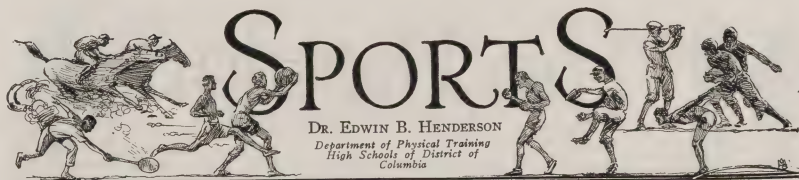
The word Negro is never used to describe skin color, but rather to fix racial affiliation; while a majority of Negroes are black, nevertheless even in Africa itself, there are yellow Hottentots, brown Zulu and ebony-black Nubian, all of whom are generally grouped as Negroes.

Whenever color descriptions are being made, the race name is used as a noun and is preceded by a distinguishing adjective thus—a brown-skinned Negro, a yellow Negro or a black Negro. Nor is it correct to think that all black people are Negroes, as the supporters of the word colored unconsciously imply, for there are black Hindus with aquiline features, black Arabs and black Jews. And conversely all so called Negroes of Africa, even if black, have not the other alleged Negro characteristics; for there are aquiline featured Mandingos with curly hair on the West Coast, and straight haired black Somali on the East Coast, while as already pointed out, there are yellow and brown Kafirs with kinky hair in South Africa. These facts make the conclusion unavoidable that the word Negro covers, as applied to Africa, a people of varying external physical characteristics.

Even as the word Mongolian includes Tartars and Chinese, and Japanese who are of various degrees of mixture of Chinese, Malays and the aboriginal hairy Ainu of their island kingdom, and the word Caucasian includes blonde and "black" Germans, pigmented Spaniards and South Italians and red-headed Celts the word "Negro" can include all the people of African blood in this country who are, because of their blood, given the same ethnological classification. It might be permissible to use the indefinite word colored as a more or less general term, or as a colloquialism, but as a specific racial designation it is fatally weak, as it is not on a par with Malay, Caucasian, Mongolian or Indian. Nor is it as terminologically precise as Eurasian or *Mestizo*, nor is it specific in fixing mixture or racial types as *mulatto*, *quadroon*, *zambo* or *octoroon*. Ethnologically, anthropologically and terminologically the word colored cannot stand the test of even a casual examination.

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### C.I.A.A. Squabble Hurts Track

For colored college track men in the mid-eastern section the Hampton, Howard and Lincoln meets will offer plenty of competition. Hubbard is the only celebrity who may compete at all three. He will jump and run at Howard and run and hurdle at Hampton. His form and his characteristic sportsmanship will inspire and teach many. But track work will not do the good it ought until the squabble between Howard and Lincoln and the C.I.A.A. is ended. To encourage the development of track athletes there must be enough competition to make it worth while. One or two meets will not do. The athletes of any one locality should have competition between the best athletes in several important meets. If the educational heads of the schools of the C.I.A.A. now at logger-heads over the question of athletic competition had the desire, it seems they should have the power to bring into conference the matters in dispute and effect some sort of agreement whereby several generations will not miss the possible maximum development and educational opportunities afforded by a broadened local field of athletic operation.

### Maryland Athletes Looming

Baltimore and Maryland County school athletes are forging rapidly to the front in things athletic. Narrow school curriculums have been liberalized to include a broad program of sports. Dr. Burdick in putting across his big physical activity schedule as a part of the educational system of the state has made its force felt in Negro education. Colored school heads once had as an objective training of the brain or training of the mind only are now accepting the methods by which white boys have been trained to lead in citizenship and in domination of the untrained, emotional and heaven-seeking masses. Hundreds of boys and girls in the urban and rural school districts are engaging in games and competitive sports throughout the school year. It will not be long before the State, whose claim for athletic greatness for a long while rested upon its being the homeplace of that great fighter, Joseph Gans, will be the home of innumerable athletic heroes and great athletic events. A perusal of the sport pages of the Afro-American will attest to the reasonableness of this prediction.

### Gregory, Roberts, Moore, Etc.

The coach of De Witt Clinton High School, one of the greatest of secondary schools for boys in the world, recently said before a large gathering that George Gregory was one of the finest young men he had ever known, possessed of all the ideal qualities of a schoolboy sportsman and admired and respected by students and faculty alike. Unless steeped in the muck and mire of Cracker-land intolerance for anything done by a Negro, no one could witness the remarkable basketball playing of young Gregory without experiencing a thrill of appreciation for his wonderful skill.

Out in the far West, where the "Tall Corn Grows," a dark-skinned lad is pictured and featured in the publications of the great Iowa University as one of great sprinters—Orthel Roberts. On many of the same pages the feats of the greatest of world hurdlers, Brookings, who, like Alice of the Rhinelander family, became white for trade purposes, are heralded. One look at the many pictures settles who he is, but since his work has been so meritorious it pays for the press to record him as one of that mighty (?) Nordic race. Roberts cannot be so mistaken by quite a few degrees and, although not able to fill the shoes of Duke Slater, who wore a number 13 shoe, Roberts is a hero to the Cornland peoples. Gus Moore, like

Hussey, is a destroyer of previous schoolboy records. He is proving the capabilities of Americans of African and other race descendants in things supposedly native to American Superman. Every effort should be made by influential persons to stimulate the pride of our race athletes who compete against the pick of athletes in the environments where we still have a chance. Urge them to remain eligible, carry along scholastic attainment and, above all, be sportsmen of the admired type. One good boy like Roberts can maintain a tolerance for Negroes for a generation when at other places they are undesirable.

### Another Federal Government Segregation Act

President Coolidge has just signed the Washington, D. C., bathing beach bill which provides by law a bathing pool for colored citizens only. When Neval Thomas and William D. Nixon were bearding the lion, now lamb, Secretary Weeks, now weak, in opposition to putting a beach for colored citizens over in Virginia in the mouth of a sewer and in the heart of the original Ku Klux hole in Arlington County, a residential district for poor whites, there were Negroes who were urging a separate bathing beach to be located in a neighborhood, whereby a few cheap lots might be seen and sold to more Negroes. Now the office in charge of public grounds is going to establish a bathing beach, tennis courts and a golf course for colored citizenry. Of course, the masses will go just as the ignorant eat poison pills, sugar coated, or like the poor fish swallow a bait-loaded hook. Accepting the non-necessary (because there are other commercially planned bathing beaches) separate beaches and parks and failure to insist upon use of others will little by little find us shortly with Jim Crow accommodations in public libraries, museums, parks and barred off certain streets for travel. As essential as are recreational facilities, it is better to train leaders who, like the great Father Jahn, to resist the tyrant, Napoleon, led his followers into the forests and fields away from the haunts of men, and in his turn vermin movement made strong the men that Blucher used to make Wellington's victory possible.

### The American Collegiate Athletic Association

May 7th marked the completion of the organization of the American Collegiate Athletic Association. This was the product of the mind of Louis Watson, physical director of Howard University. It was organized primarily to stimulate the growth (not control) of athletics among colored schools, to suggest procedures, preserve and publish records, study and recommend measures for the advancement of athletics as a great educational agency. It is true the National Collegiate Association has similar aims for all America, but it is equally true that no effort is made to do any of these things for colored athletics, even though Lincoln, Howard and the C. I. A. A. have been members of this organization or its constituent bodies.

The new body provides for government over four jurisdictions, including all the States wherein racial prejudice and its accompanying evil, segregation, makes impossible active membership and competition, regardless of the race of the members of the competing units. It is in no sense a competing conference, although its great aim is to promote the conference development of athletics. One of its first aims, therefore, should be to proceed to the clearance of the muddled situation in its own territory. It is barely possible that the organization may be the clearing house for this disturbance. If it so succeeds, I predict athletics for our racial group will rise to high planes and will achieve the objectives aimed at by the dominant group, whereby they obtain the power to control in the civilization of today.



# The Theater

## The Souls of Black Folks



By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

### I Hate Myself

Next to finally mastering the primary steps of the Charleston nothing that has happened during the last several months has delighted me so much as the appearance of two lusty, up and coming Little Theatre movements up here in "High Harlem," as the current slang goes. I actually jumped for joy when I heard about these enthusiastic torchbearers, for their advent gave me a chance to show the editor of this staunch Republican journal a deep point why this page should not be obliterated. For several weeks that practical man has contended that since there doesn't appear to be any Negro drama to criticize there isn't much sense in having a dramatic critic, and perhaps it would be better to use the money to help out with the postage. If you've seen me on the Avenue, looking as blue as a race leader when Georgia hangs out a new low record for lynchings, it was because I felt the job slipping out from under me. But I've always been a God fearing man, believing in the power of prayer and hardly ever missing a communion Sunday at church until they started to using grape juice, so I left the matter in the hands of the Lord. He has rewarded my simple faith by putting it in the hearts of these good people to inaugurate their movements to encourage Negro drama and now I won't have to go back to overalls for at least another three months. The stipend I receive for running this page is not immense, but what with waiting table over Sundays in Long Island road houses it suffices to keep the wife and baby in cat-meal and bacon. It's got working on the docks knocked for a row of cloace.

The two new entries in the field of Negro drama are the Inter-Collegiate Association and the Krigwa Players Little Negro Theatre. Both organizations, it appears to me, could have used better judgment in the selection of names. "Inter-Collegiate" seems to indicate that the group flying that banner intends to confine its membership to a close corporation of college folks; that is, to pedantic people whose intelligence is so unapparent that they must submit documentary evidence to prove its existence. I sincerely hope this is not really their intention, for if it is they will be deprived of the counsel of the two sagest Negroes extant, George S. Schuyler and myself. Neither Mr. Schuyler nor myself possess any paper certifying proficiency in anything—except the Doctor's degrees were conferred upon each other and non-com's papers conferred upon us by Uncle Sam. And even my corporal's warrant is of doubtful validity, for the unfavorable verdict of a court martial took it away from me. That is, I was deprived of the pay and rank. I still have the paper.

I object to "Krigwa" on phonetic grounds. It sounds like somebody with sore throat beginning to gargle. If you reduce it to initials, KPLNT, as has been done on the placard in the public library, it sounds like a Welshman trying to keep from sneezing.

Since I have not been able to obtain any first hand data on the Inter-Collegiates I shall devote the rest of this monologue to a discussion of the Krigwa outfit. The Krigwa band is led by W. E. B. Du Bois, the well known astrologer who erstwhile dwelt apart from the world in an ivory tower out of a lofty window of which he would occasionally poke his head and announce mysteriously, "The answer is in the stars." I don't know whether the learned Doctor is still consulting the stars or not. But this I do know: the Little Theatre he is leading is marching on solid ground.

One of the numerous mistakes of the National Ethiopian Art Theatre was that they spent too much time and energy on preparation. For instance, its diction class devoted two years teaching sewing girls, hall boys, school teachers and what not cooties the correct way to pronounce the word "duty"; at the end of which time all the pupils except one seamstress pronounced it "dooty," as I do. The Krigwa Players are not wasting time on any such tomfoolery. They are assembling actors, buying sets and putting on plays; which is the only practical way to get a theatre on its

feet. Their first group of plays was sensibly selected, tastefully presented and nicely adjusted to the experience of the actors and the facilities of their theatre.

The acting, on the whole, was a shade too reserved. "Repression is the soul of art" is a pat saying and it contains a modicum of wisdom, but I doubt whether putting it in practice consistently has ever helped a young artist, especially an actor, to discover the complete range of his power or to develop it to the fullest extent. It is always better for a beginner to over act than to under act, unless he should have the advantage of rehearsing under the eye of an experienced technician of the stage. The young actor should consider his body with its ability to simulate character and transmit emotion as an instrument of uncertain range and power. It is only by acting out to the limit through the whole gamut of his power that the tyro can discover his true and most effective pitch. Then it is time enough to begin with finesse and restraint. The Krigwa program, so far as acting goes, would have been 100 per cent more interesting if all the players had followed the example set by Eulalie Spence, as Jane, in *Compromise*, Lilla Hawkins, who understudied and later played an important role in "All God's Chilluns," and Charles Burroughs also showed a sensible appreciation of their parts.

Only one of the plays, *Compromise*, can be called a serious discussion of life. It leads up to the proposition that, perhaps it would not be a bad idea to capitalize the misfortunes of the weak women of the race and make their sins help finance the progress of their stronger brothers and sisters. This is a hard philosophy but the way I look at things it is a much healthier attitude to take than the weeping and wailing over inter-racial sex relations our official Caliphs indulge in. These pundits proceed from the unsound tacit proposition that Negro women are always virtuous and Negro men are never lecherous to the false conclusion that is the best way to preserve the purity of Negro maidenhood is to terrify every roving white male by threatening to soak him in his self-esteem with a marriage certificate. I've never heard a race leader explain what ought to be done in case the white seducer is already married.

Laws governing sex relations more than any other kind depend for their enforcement on the common consent of the community to respect them. The first result of a disposition on the part of the public to judge inter-racial sex relations by the same standards which obtain between men and women of one race would be the exposure of prosperous Negro men to the machinations of white adventuresses; and each Negro man thus victimized would deprive some worthy Negro woman of an able husband or, at least, of a part of his finances. It may sound like an attempt at paradox, but the result would be still worse if the standards were applied fairly and without prejudice. White men still have and purse. As things are now the women who consort with white men are the giddy sort, lightheaded creatures unable to understand the social or economic value of respectability and willing to submit for a few dollars or even unconditionally. But if able Negro women had a fair chance to become the wives of substantial white men instead of only their paramours considerable numbers of them would seek minions across the line, impelled by the cosmic urge, as Elbert Hubbard used to call it, to secure well placed fathers for their children. To the extent which able Negro women found themselves prosperous white husbands able colored men would be deprived of the counsel and inspiration a competent woman contributes to the conjugal relationship. Furthermore, the loss of able mothers would cause a falling off in the average quality of pure bred Negro children. Nor would the race gain anything from the infusion of Caucasian blood in the colored children intelligent Negro women bore their white husbands; for the white race the world over is losing vitality and petering out while the African peoples, having lain fallow a thousand years, are showing signs of reurgent energy. It follows that the way of wisdom lies



in not only preserving the present order which offers straight women no inducement to take outside the race but to begin now to build up protective sentiment against the day when white people will want to let down the bars. This is so obvious that fifteen years from now it will be an official Afro-American doctrine. I shall drive a stake in the ground here and watch how many years it takes Dean Pickens, J. A. Rogers and the cohorts of the N. A. A. C. P. to reach this point.

The comparatively few cases where really content Negro women are the victims of assault present a different problem, one which each family confronted with it must solve according to its own lights. Prosecution under the criminal code, while legally futile, at least advertises the man involved as a brute. Before appealing to firearms it would be well to

reflect that physical purity is not the most important thing in life. Spiritual chastity is the thing that counts. True enough reflection along this line is likely to lead to some kind of compromise, but, after all, the intransigent and the hot head hardly ever succeed in accomplishing anything, except their own destruction.

**ANNOUNCEMENT:** *The editors wish to urge the readers of the Theatrical page not to miss a single issue, for soon Mr. Lewis, in his inimitable fashion, is going to give us a general survey of the Negro theatre, its status, progress and influences. Is this not a treat worth anticipating?*

## BOOK REVIEWS

**THE JUDICIAL VETO**, by Horace A. Davis. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York.

The Judicial Veto by Horace A. Davis consists of three essays dealing with the question of judicial review. One of the most important questions which Mr. Davis considers is: How did the Supreme Court acquire the right to declare laws unconstitutional. The first chapter of the book deals with this question.

The judicial review arose out of a natural situation which once explained seems simple indeed. In the course of time, conflicts arose between the laws of Congress and the Constitution and between the laws of states and the Constitution. When aggrieved parties carried their cases to the Supreme Court the logical thing to do was to compare the law with the Federal Constitution. If such a law was in conflict with the Federal Constitution, the Supreme Court felt impelled to say so. There was but one alternative. Two conflicting laws cannot be executed in the same territory, and the Federal Constitution is the fundamental law of the land.

Davis points out, however, that the constitutionality of a statute is fundamentally a political and not a legal question. By delegating such an important matter to the court, many laws enacted to improve social conditions have been declared unconstitutional. Our courts being guided by the legal instead of the social sense have become archaic and practically obsolete. Often when they do exercise special power, they decide cases for business interests and against the workers. Davis gives concrete illustrations of this. Most of the decisions based on the 14th Amendment show this tendency.

Since many laws may be declared unconstitutional, until the courts consider them, any person is at a loss as to how to regard them. As a matter of fact everybody is guided by his like or dislike for uncertain laws. The fight within the police force of New York in 1857 culminating in the arrest and \$13,000 suit against the Mayor is an example of what this situation may lead to.

Mr. Davis suggests a remedy for this situation based on the interest which the state has in the annulment of laws. He says we need a review which does not relieve the state legislatures of the responsibility of enacting bad laws. The State should be required to defend all of its laws brought in question.

Beginning as a puny arm of the government, the courts have gained almost unlimited power. At the head of our judicial system is the Supreme Court, monarch over all. There has developed around it a kind of halo, a sacred atmosphere into which we profane creatures dare not penetrate.

But what has the Supreme Court done with this power? According to Davis, it has usurped the right of making laws by giving bias interpretations to acts of Congress and by reading its own motions into them. This has gone on so long and to such a great extent that a few Americans have awakened to the dangers of the court and have become distrustful of what was regarded the bulwark of our liberties.

**OUR JUDICIAL OLIGARCHY**, by Gilbert Roe.

There is a growing distrust of the courts among a few Americans which showed itself to a large extent in the La Follette campaign of 1924. Why has this come about?

Mr. Gilbert E. Roe answers this in his book entitled "Our Judicial Oligarchy." The second, third, fourth and fifth chapters of the book contain facts showing why there is a growing distrust of the courts.

In the first place the courts have usurped the power to declare laws unconstitutional. Mr. Roe does not show how this usurpation was effected. The facts show that the people and the federal courts have been traveling in opposite directions for more than a hundred years. The courts have remained conservative; the people have made some progress toward democracy. The book contains some illustrations to show that the people through their legislatures have made social changes out of harmony without judicial psychology.

In some cases the courts have declared social legislation unconstitutional. Social legislation based on the 14th Amendment comes in this category. The courts have handed down decisions against social laws by reading "their own views into statutes to the exclusion of the legislative intention." The Griffin Interurban Street Railway case is a typical example. The decision in this case was based on the prejudice of the judges. Poor men are never on equality with the rich in courts.

The famous Georgia case involving legal title to 500,000 acres of land illustrates how the rich are favorably considered in courts.

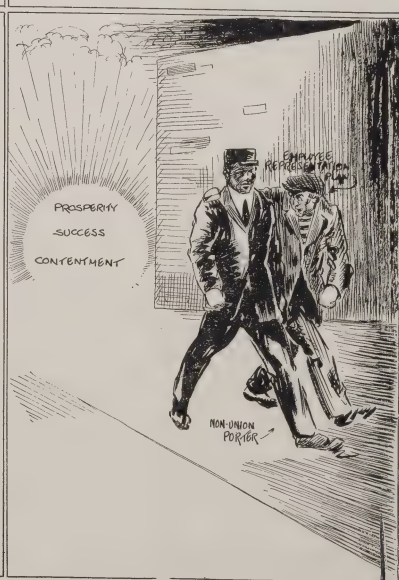
Mr. Roe thinks there are dangers in the popular distrust of the courts. The writer thinks that the real present danger is not in a distrust of the courts, but in a worship and glorification of them. We average Americans feel that we can no more get along without the courts than we can without our churches. Furthermore, he believes that the courts should have supreme power.

As for suggestions for judicial reform Roe offers nothing original or promising. The suggestion made by Mr. Davis the "Judicial Veto" is much better than anything mentioned in this book. Roe fails to recognize the problem of judicial reform. Judges by their profession are more or less of a static mentality. Our whole legal and judicial system has a static psychology. Before any fundamental remedy can be applied to the present evils, we must effect a condition in the judicial system which will be productive by a broad social outlook among our judges.—THOS. L. DABNEY, Brackwood Labor College.

### Two Fools

Not many weeks ago the *Chicago Whip* carried editorial, entitled "Two Fools." Upon observing the title we thought it was the preface to an autobiography of the publishers of *The Whip*, and were thereby tricked into reading it. It should have been such an article for, upon investigation we find that Joseph D. Bibb and A. C. McNeal, the self-assumed erudite editors of *The Whip*, both took the Bar examination six times before either of them passed it once. AND ONLY ONE OF THEM HAS PASSED IT NOW.

In truth, all we have in these young men (we refer to their mental age) is two bumptious, conceited asses, de-pauperate in principle, bankrupt lilliputians and pathological liars. They simply fooled people who didn't know.





# THE STATE AND POLICY OF THE BROTHERHOOD

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH, General Organizer

Members of the Brotherhood, Greetings:

Where are we and whither are we tending? is a question asked by friend and foe. In answer to this question, may I say that we are rapidly approaching the final phase in the struggle of the Brotherhood. But that our answer may be more complete, let us briefly turn our eyes upon the road over which we have come. That ours has been a most marvelous growth, is readily admitted by the most critical and antagonistic. Few struggles in American labor history have been as intense and bitter, but we have continued steadily to march forward. Over the indifference, apathy and unconcern on the part of some of the porters themselves, over the brazen treachery of some of our so-called Negro leaders, over the nameless persecution of a wicked and corrupt lot of Negro papers, over a swarm of company agents let loose on the movement and over the millions of dollars the Pullman Company has used to invent every conceivable device to halt the progress of the Union, your organization, from the humble beginning of a small nucleus, in membership, has rolled up members, thousands upon thousands strong, won the admiration of the public and the respect of its enemies.

Even the much advertised million dollar wage increase granted the porters under the pressure of the Brotherhood, contrary to the fond hopes of our enemies, did not stem the rising tide of organization among you. The employment of Filipinos on some of the club cars has strengthened instead of weakened your ranks. Misrepresentations calculated to blacken the character of your leaders have been unavailing, futile and ineffective. The call to solidarity has been answered from coast to coast, in the north, east and far south. Much over thirty thousand miles have been covered by your organizers in carrying forward the Brotherhood's message.

## SUPPORT

Nor have we worked alone. Some of America's leading organizations have stood back of us. At the very beginning, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People officially endorsed our movement. You are receiving the moral support of the leaders of the National Urban League, the American Federation of Labor and the transportation unions, the Chicago Federation of Women's Clubs, the Federal Post Office Employees and a number of ministers, social and civic associations. This support is ample and convincing testimony of the laudability of the aims and methods of the Brotherhood. The old bogey, manufactured out of whole cloth, that your movement was "red," inspired by Moscow, has been completely exploded and retired forever. Whenever raised among intelligent people, it only occasions a chuckle or a disdainful shrug of the shoulders. Your contact with the public, doubtless, long since convinced you that it is unqualifiedly in favor of your demand for a living wage. Your organization has achieved these signal results with sharply limited resources, and in the face of the greatest opposition ever encountered by a Negro movement.

## OUR PRESENT STATE

We have so consolidated our forces that we are prepared to face the future with head erect, undaunted and undismayed. Active organizing committees have been set up in practically all of the districts in the country. They are conducting a relentless, systematic campaign of organization, agitation and education, among the porters and the public. Local Secretary-Treasurers have been selected in the various centers to write up new members and to

receive the monthly dues. Much of the opposition has been routed. The spirit of the men is flaming high. Your movement is sound spiritually and financially. Your accounts are handled by certified public accountants, a guarantee of their accuracy.

Members are paying their dues remarkably well. Some are paying for a whole year in advance. Few, of course, are delinquent, largely due to the inconvenience of getting their dues to the proper officials. Every day our ranks are being steadily swelled. New friends are rising up to champion your cause. The pitiless storm of intolerance is subsiding. The dawn of a brighter day is in the offing. But, brethren, let us not embrace any false optimism, let us not be swept away by any unreasoning enthusiasm, let us not be lulled into any false sense of security, we still face a mighty, determined foe, which will resist to the last ditch your right to organize, to receive a living wage, to better hours and conditions of work. While our deeds have done us proud, great is the problem of work and achievement yet to be solved. While our progress has startled our adversaries, amazed the public and thrilled our ranks with pride and mounting joyfulness, we must not lessen in zeal or faith, courage or determination to march on to greater and greater conquests. Progress is the law of life. We either go forward or we perish. In order to go forward, we must evolve our policies in the light of experience and science.

## OUR PRESENT POLICY

A new situation has arisen. The President has signed the Watson-Parker Bill. The old United States Labor Board has been abolished. A new board is in process of formation. Our present policy is to be the first or among the first to file the Brotherhood's case with the new board. It will secure for us an unprecedented amount of moral support and valuable publicity. It will also enable us to secure the active cooperation of the Big Four Brotherhoods whose interests it is to see that every union of railway workers get one hundred per cent fair consideration before the board, so that it might serve as a precedent for subsequent actions on the part of other railway organizations.

In the light of recent developments, the Brotherhood's policy of "watchful waiting," of "making haste slowly," of reasonable caution, but of hammering away with unremitting constancy on organization, agitation and education, has been fully vindicated. At no time since the beginning of the Brotherhood, even granting that fifty-one per cent of the porters had been organized, would it have been practical and wise to have gone before the old Board. A decision upon a case so significant as ours would hardly have been handed down, owing to the unsettled condition of the Board, the uncertainty as to the extent of its life. Besides, we could not have secured as big a support from the transportation unions for our case then as we can now, because the railway unions were unequivocally opposed to the old Board, whereas they are in favor of the new one.

Many men of color interested in Negro workers in the transportation industry, opposed the Watson-Parker Bill, and urged me to do the same. I refused to adopt that course of action for several reasons: first, an examination of the bill did not reveal that it would not serve the interests of the black workers as well as the whites, providing they were organized; second, it would have been bad policy for the Brotherhood to have opposed a bill which was supported and endorsed by the powerful railroad companies and the transportation unions as the road to industrial peace in the railway industry. We would have

played right into the hands of our enemies, because it would have been contended that we were opposing the most effective measure of achieving harmonious relations between the employers and employees in the industry, that we were an agency of chaos instead of order. Besides, it would have reflected unfavorably upon the intelligence of Negro railway workers to have adopted a plan of action which would have served only to isolate the black workers as an island in a sea of organized labor on the railroads. Again, our opposition to the bill would have simply alienated the support of the powerful transportation unions who were backing it, and won the suspicion and distrust of the public.

#### ORGANIZING WHITE AND BLACK PUBLIC OPINION

While public opinion is with us, we need to mobilize it into an active force behind us. We shall proceed immediately to this task when we present our case to the new Board. To this end we are organizing a council of strategy, which shall be composed of some of the ablest and most experienced journalists, publicists and labor men in the country. Our plan is to acquaint every social, civic and religious organization with the aims and methods of the Brotherhood, to get them to pass resolutions endorsing our movement.

#### COMING INTO THE OPEN

When we institute action before the Board for a revision of wages upward and the improvement of working conditions, we shall proceed forthwith to establishing locals in the districts throughout the country. Immediately the locals are established, preparations will be made to hold our first national convention. Our convention will be epochal. It will be our economic legislature, legislating for the economic welfare of the porters. Its significance to the race will be immeasurable. It will rouse and develop a working class economic consciousness on the part the Negro, the condition to the possession of modern economic power on the part of the workers.

#### WRITING ECONOMIC CONTRACTS

With the recognition of our economic rights, privileges and power, will develop the initiative and ability to write our own economic contracts. This means a meeting of minds of the employers and employees with a view to formulating an agreement, expressing the respective interests of the parties to the agreement. But to enter into a contract is to assume an obligation, duty and responsibility to live up to the conditions and principles of that contract. With us it means the assumption of the obligation and responsibility to supply a high quality of service to the company and the public, to insist upon efficiency, industry, reliability, courtesy, sobriety and intelligent co-operation on the part of our members with the company, since we have a fundamental interest in the expansion and development of the Pullman service, in which our welfare as well as that of the public, is involved. Be assured, my brethren, that with the development of moral and intellectual competence, the Pullman Company, too, will be constrained to extend a welcome hand to you because you will constitute a definite asset to it. Besides, since the Pullman Company is a party to the Watson-Parker Bill which creates the new Board to adjust disputes between the workers and employers on the railroads, because of its membership in the Association of Railway Executives, it cannot, in good faith, resist the application of the principle of collective bargaining in the settlement of wage and working conditions questions as relates to Pullman porters. Verily, brethren, the writing of our own economic contracts, will usher the Negro into the final cycle of race freedom. It is our next step as a group of workers and as a race, oppressed, outraged and exploited. It is the final road to freedom of all oppressed peoples. In the Brotherhood, you have built the agency with which to approach this new task. Ours now is the big problem of rationally and constructively handling this instrument which invests us with a new power. In order

creatively to serve the public, ourselves and the Pullman Company, we must ever maintain cool, sober and dispassionate heads. Be assured that if we have a good case, we don't have to lose our heads, and if we have a bad case, we can't afford to lose our heads. May we ever be animated and guided by the loftiness of that spirit signified in the term "brotherhood." It towers above the Alps; it pierces beyond the clouds. It is firmer than the foundations of the earth. May it inspire our hearts and govern actions. Yes, we are our brothers' keeper, whether he be black or white, Jew or Gentile, foreigner or native. When the world fully embraces this fundamental, creative truth, the sun of humanity will rise for all.

Faithfully yours,

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH.

#### The Abolition of the U. S. Railroad Labor Board

(Continued from page 164)

Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Railway labor boards are mere agencies through which the voice of the railway employees may be heard by the public, they facilitate the adjustment of disputes. But unless the workers are organized, no board can bring them any fundamental relief from economic oppression.

It has been suggested that the Negro workers on the railroads may not be the beneficiaries of this measure. I have discovered nothing in the Act to indicate such a conclusion. Of course, the Negro workers can not hope to secure any benefits from the legislation unless they are organized. The unorganized workers, white and black, are helpless under the new bill, although it does not ignore them.

It is significant too that the Pullman Company is a party to the formulation of the Act, in as much as it is a member of the Association of Railway Executives, which together with the transportation unions, framed and put the measure through Congress.

Now, since the bill recognizes and endorses the principle of collective bargaining, or the right of workers to organize in order to negotiate for more wages and better working conditions, the Pullman Company too is committed to the principle of collective bargaining, the very thing for which the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is organized to exercise.

#### The Letters of Davy Carr

(Continued from page 172)

so that when I am an old man I might read that description, and live it over. But I cannot describe it, nor do I need to do so, for I shall never, never forget it!

After a few minutes, when I was able to make a coherent sentence, I said:

"What did Billie Riddick say to you that made you wait for me?"

Caroline laughed a merry little laugh.

"She said: 'If I cared enough for a man, Caroline Rhodes, to step between him and a crazy man with an automatic, I should not let him go away tomorrow morning without a word of farewell. And he's going, and he's never coming back. There are one or two nice girls in this room who would be glad to give him that good-bye.'"

Then she snuggled her pretty head close-down against my shoulder, and I felt the velvet of her cheek against mine, and I breathed into my eager nostrils the magic perfume of Fleurs d'Amour!

FINIS

Reviews of "Black Haiti," "Heloise and Abelard," and other books of interest in July issue



## The Critic

(Continued from page 178)

Dr. Donnell, who is as much interested in race betterment as any other person I have ever met, told me of his plans to attack the high Negro mortality even more intensively by special literature, press releases, lectures, the bringing of insanitary conditions in towns to the notice of local authorities, and the establishment of regular field nursing services.

The program, said Dr. Donnell, is now being enlarged to hasten the decline of excessive rates of sickness and deaths to the lower levels which the increased knowledge of personal hygiene and public health, the sanitary improvements and efficient health department services, and activities of voluntary health and welfare agencies are making possible.

The health and welfare service which is reaching the Negro in a larger and more effective way, though still insufficient for the complete removal or control of his health handicaps, is having the same effect as with the white race whose experience in morbidity and mortality thirty to forty years ago was at the point of incidence that the Negro races today. Definite improvement can be seen in the experience of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company.

One method, then, of reducing the high Negro mortality seems to be the supporting of Negro insurance companies and using them as a centre to disseminate health knowledge. At the present time the Metropolitan Life, has according to its own estimate a million and a half Negro policy-holders, more than all the colored companies together, and to the best of my knowledge, it only does not do any special work among Negroes but does not even employ a Negro janitor.

\* \* \*

The Negro death-rate, I am sure, could be cut down to the white rate, and lower, in a short time, if we place as much interest in it as we now do in certain unnecessary things. In the draft during the last war, the Negro, according to the government's report was five per cent more physically fit than the white man.

\* \* \*

The difference between the white man and the Negro in the matter of longevity may be likened to two men both of whom have caries. One goes immediately to the dentist and by having the decay stopped has a tooth that will serve him for life; the other through ignorance or neglect or poverty lets the disease continue and in another year loses the tooth.

Today most diseases can be cured if taken in hand early, and that applies to everybody regardless of color.

## What Are We, Negroes or Colored People?

(Continued from page 180)

Many persons object to the Negro because they hate its corrupted form "nigger." But have they ever stopped to think that any word in any language is susceptible of being debased into a corrupted term of contempt? What word would they suggest that is ethnologically exact and yet would be free from being corrupted? The term "nigger" lives largely because of the careful nurture given to it by Negroes themselves. White people can hardly be blamed for using the objectionable corruption when Negroes are the principal peddlers of the term. And what does "nigger" mean? According to the dictionary it is "a term of contempt applied to Negroes," just as the terms "cracker" and "greaser" are terms of contempt applied to certain other peoples. Will white people stop calling Negroes "niggers" because Negroes refer to themselves as colored? That is too childish for belief.

No one has ever heard of any agitation on the part of the natives of Japan to change their national name of Japanese to something else because of the use of the, to them, offensive abbreviated corruption "Jap" by the English speaking world. Instead, they have by their achievements made the words "Jap" and "Japanese" synonyms of prowess, daring, energy and progress-synonyms that are respected and feared by all races of mankind.

Another objection advances is that the word Negro connotes slavery, but since colored and Negro are synonyms in America, how can one word connote something which the other does not connote? This objection is puerile.

Every one of the other races has a generic race name and since the composite gets its present status from one branch of its origin, it seems but sensible to accept the generic term

that specifically designates that branch. Unless they can control American literature, it will be utterly impossible for Negroes to obliterate the word Negro. And the word is more worthy of living than the vague substitute offered. Instead of fighting a winning and doing the futile, even disgusting thing, Negroes should concentrate upon demanding that the word Negro be capitalized in the literature of the English language even as its fellow generic terms Malay, Mongolian, Caucasian and Indian are capitalized. No amount of exclusion from racial newspapers will kill the word, for although no Negro newspaper is so shameless as to use the word "nigger" still that word has great currency among Negroes and is still to be found in the dictionary! Negroes can do better than fritter away their energy on non-essentials, and start in right now to give prestige to the word Negro, first, by capitalizing it and next by deeds that any race would be proud to have connected with its name.

To sum up: the word "colored" is objectionable because, first, it is philologically weak; second, it is ethnologically inexact; third, its origin is not pleasant; fourth, it tends towards division inside the "race"; fifth, it has comparatively no history; sixth, it cannot be capitalized; seventh, it is a make-shift.

The word Negro, on the other hand, has all the qualities lacking in colored, and is the word, more or less, in one or other of its forms incorporated into all modern languages.

In the absence of a nomenclature that is satisfactory to all types of so-called Negroes or colored people in America, the word Negro should stand, and it is for the people so designated to use all their influence to see that their race name is lifted from the same literary status as pig, monkey and dog, to the level of other race names, and be spelt with a capital "N."

## STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF THE MESSENGER, published monthly, at New York, N. Y. for May, 1926.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. Philip Randolph, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE MESSENGER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the name and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of— Post office address—

Publisher, The Messenger Pub. Co., 2311 7th Ave., New York.

Editor, A. Philip Randolph, 148 W. 142nd St., New York.

Managing Editor, Chandler Owen, 215 W. 139th St., New York.

Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

The Messenger Pub. Co., 2311 7th Ave., New York.

A. Philip Randolph, 148 W. 142nd St., New York.

Chandler Owen, 215 W. 139th St., New York.

Robert Godet, 32 W. 136th St., New York.

Victor R. Daly, 261 W. 134th St., New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

A. Philip Randolph, 148 W. 142nd St., New York.

Chandler Owen, 215 W. 139th St., New York.

Robert Godet, 32 W. 136th St., New York.

Victor R. Daly, 261 W. 134th St., New York.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee, or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of bona fide owners, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.)

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of May, 1926.

(Seal)

SYBIL BRYANT POSTON,

Notary Public, New York County.

My commission expires March 30, 1927.



# Open Forum

## *A Voice for Supporter and Opponent*



### Is Virginia and Other Southern States Fair to the Working Class Within Their Boundaries?

Editor of THE MESSENGER:

Virginia Legislature during session of 1924 passed a law known as the "Emigrant Agent Act." This act or law was said to have been copied after the Georgia law. The term "Emigrant Agent" contemplated in this act—under the Virginia law—above mentioned—Shall Be law says—"Be construed to mean any person engaged in the hiring of laborers or soliciting emigrants in this State to be employed beyond the limits of this State." Any person doing the above in Virginia before paying five thousand dollars "Shall be guilty of a Misdemeanor" and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five thousand dollars or may be imprisoned in jail not less than one month nor more than twelve months for each and every offense.

The law then goes ahead and makes the following exceptions. The provisions of this act shall not apply to Virginia contractors temporarily engaged on contracts in other States—when "Themselves employing labor for their own work." The law then says again that the provisions of this act shall not apply to representatives of labor organizations within State of Virginia—in cases where because of need of employment—they may direct their members to employment in other States of the Union.

Now you see Virginia has built a wall around its border, defying users of labor of other sister States to come over after her labor to work in their State unless \$5,000 is paid. She is also walling in her laborers by building this wall around its border. The laborer in Virginia must get out if they can in any way they can to go seek the opportunities offered in other sister States of the Union or be contented with whatever may be offered and they can get in Virginia or the South and be satisfied with the general conditions in the State and South as they exist.

That's the situation this law has brought about. This law was passed to hold the negro in Virginia and the South—why? Was it for the negro man's present and future good, or self interest to some one? This law will and does also affect the white man and woman who are willing and ready to consider opportunities of our sister States.

No law can be passed—in the writer's opinion—with intent to affect only the negro—which does not also affect the white man. I refer to our Poll Tax and Educational clause—condition to registration by which the negro voter has been almost totally disfranchised. The law has also disfranchised thousands of our whites.

Dr. Ulrich B. Phillips, Professor of American History at the University of Michigan, after a tour of Virginia, says, "We have too much labor and the South always produced more than was its own good." He also thinks migration of the negro North will be good. The negro man was unloaded in Virginia and made a slave. He has been freed. Doesn't this law stench slavery and peonage? Isn't Virginia walling in and trying to hold her laborers? But will sell them to the labor users in other States in any amount that they want and will work them, for five thousand dollars. Doesn't the law say so?

The writer has been dealing with white and negro working-men for 20 years. Suppose during that period he has talked to one hundred thousand negro men from Virginia and from every State as far South as you can go. They have come to me in Richmond in all conditions—starved, poorly clothed and well dressed. They have walked from the far South to me in hope to better their conditions. They have come to me scared to death—scared to talk—looking like wild men having escaped from a turpentine camp, a farm or lumber camp—stole away. Couldn't have gotten away, so they stated, if they hadn't stole away.

The negro deserves credit. He gets very small wages here and in the South. The average negro looks well and cares for himself well, out of the little he gets. I like to see him go where he can better his condition. Give him the opportunity to try. I also find in my dealing with the negro that the average

negro means well and that he is the best labor to be had. They should be given every opportunity to better their condition, if they can. If not, why?

The negroes of Virginia and the South are ready, when their country calls them to fight for their flag. They have shown it. Why legislate against him? Why not help him?

Very truly,

G. EDWARD ANDERSON, JR.,  
403 E. Main St.,  
Richmond, Va.

P. S.—The writer and signer of the above begs further to say—that 100 per cent of the laboring people in Virginia and the South are bitterly opposed to such legislation. Such legislation tends to antagonize the working class. Why not let the laboring man decide for himself—go or stay. I have fought such legislation for the last three years. If you feel interested and are willing to assist in fighting such laws write me.

G. E. A.

3653 S. Michigan Ave.  
Chicago, Illinois  
April 11, 1926.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,  
Editor THE MESSENGER Magazine,  
2311 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

My dear Mr. Randolph:

I am taking this opportunity to acknowledge receipt of your card from Nebraska. I wish to thank you for that remembrance. I am glad that the card came, for it gives me an excuse for saying some things to you of what I have been thinking about you. I guess I had better say at the outset that this is not primarily a business letter, by way of vindicating myself of committing a breach of business brevity. Had I known your residential address, I would have forwarded it there.

You are in a great struggle now for social progress by, perhaps, the most logical route—economic advancement. You have received and are receiving so many brickbats that I am sure I shall be excused for casting towards you a bit of a bouquet. It, of course, goes without saying that right-headedness dictates that more of the latter should precede death, and this too, both in its literal and figurative sense. If I succeed in carrying out my intention, kindly permit me to say that it is done with no future expectations, whether of pelf or publicity. Having hit wide of some of my objectives in a social and economic way since I have been in the mid-west, I am, therefore, still a considerable distance from freedom. The greatest service which you could have done me was to keep my article out of print, or if not the article, then my name. So you see I am not seeking publicity in that direction. I know that at present I am unable to say what I think. I am not free. I am still a prisoner in this great economic jail. Not all of us have the stuff in us to liberate ourselves as you. The ability to rise above serfdom is predicated, if not as much, then to a very great extent, upon birth as it is upon books. In casting my little bouquet, kindly permit me to say that I am not job-hunting. I get a greater kick out of grotto-hunting with such a man as Henry Fairfield Osborn.

We who have had the veil pulled from before our eyes by a smattering of social science, are able to see the significance of the great battle in which you are engaged. A have opposed and are now trying to thwart you have done so and are doing so as much through ignorance as through the reward of gain. It does not in the least militate against the above assertion simply because a distinguished attorney hold a master's degree in the lists of your opponents. I, who very heartily agree with Professor David D. Vaughan of the school of Theology of the said university when he remarked: "The law is not a form of knowledge." So, if a person has allowed no information to take lodgment in his cranium

(Continued on page 191)



## On to the New Railroad Labor Board!

### Pullman Porters and Brothers, Greetings:

As a result of our sweeping, onward, conquering march through seven eventful and dramatic months of supreme struggle to organize the Pullman Porters and Maids for a living wage, better hours and conditions of work, we have built up a mighty and gigantic organization in the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, in the face of the greatest opposition ever encountered by Negroes.

It is an unmistakable monument of race achievement, a tribute to the intelligence, courage, and loyalty of our members, and a definite challenge to the reckless and unreasoning oppression of 12,000 Pullman Porters and Maids in particular and the race in general.

We are preparing to be the first to file our case with the new Board. Our chances for success are much brighter and greater. But, naturally our success will depend directly upon our strength. With 51 per cent we will get 51 per cent consideration, but with 80 or 90 per cent, we can and will get much higher consideration.

In order to crown our struggle with victory the Brotherhood expects and hereby calls upon every red-blooded he-man and race-loving, self-respecting, upright-standing, Pullman Porter to join the swelling ranks of the Brotherhood.

### Thirty Days Dispensation to New Members and Part Payers!

Now, in order to swell the rising tide of your Organization, the Brotherhood is inaugurating a dispensation June 1, 1926, for thirty days for new members and those who have paid a part of their joining fee.

During this dispensation Porters and Maids who join and pay \$5.00 in full will not be required to pay back dues, but their dues will begin with June, the month they join.

All part paid members who pay up in full during this dispensation will not be required to pay the back dues from last October, but their dues will begin with June.

Act today! Don't delay! Every man counts. Don't expect your brother to bear your burdens. Don't expect to eat the fruits of the sacrifices and toil of others. Your wives, your children, and your race expect you to do your duty. We cannot fail, we will not fail. Truth and justice that are mightier than legions of men are on your side.

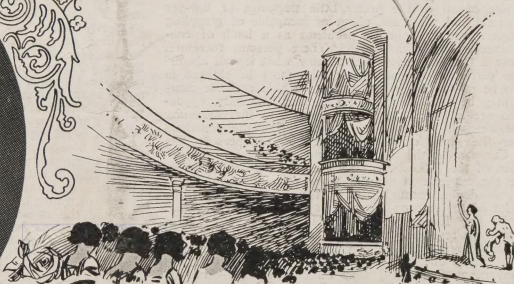
Remember men and women of the Negro race that a winner never quits and a quitter never wins!

Your faithful servant,

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH,  
General Organizer.



A Madam C. J. Walker Booster



# GLORIFYING - OUR WOMANHOOD

No greater force is working to glorify the womanhood of our Race than Madam C. J. Walker's Wonderful Hair and Skin Preparations. Our eighteen world renowned articles, made and sold by members of our own Race, are daily relieving stubborn scalp diseases, stimulating the growth, increasing the length, softening and thickening short, stubborn, thin, unsightly hair; clearing complexions, smoothing, softening and preserving skin. We tell you, Madam C. J. Walker through her preparations, if for no other reason, remains yet, the greatest benefactress of our race. Women throughout this and in twenty-nine foreign countries know the merits of Madam C. J. Walker's Preparations and are loud in their praise of them. You too may learn how they can preserve and enhance your beauty, make you admired by men and the envy of women. Visit the nearest Madam C. J. Walker agent today, now. She has a message of hope, cheer, of the way she is glorifying our womanhood and how you too may have long, luxurious hair and a beauty-kissed complexion. Visit her, "There's one near you."

## NOTE!

For cleansing the scalp use Madam C. J. Walker's Vegetable Shampoo, for itches, eczema, dandruff, etc.—Tetter Salve. Thin, short, falling hair—Wonderful Hair Grower. To soften, gloss, silken the hair—Glossine. For freckles, pimples, tan, etc.—Tan-Off. To clear, smooth, soften the skin—Face Creams. A youthful complexion—Face Powder and Rouge.

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